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Farm, Garden, and Household.

Carbolic Acid and Poultry.

Of the many discoveries which science has given to the present age, no one article has so rapidly grown into favor as carbolic acid—a product of the distillation of tar for the production of naphtha, benzole, etc. Its chemical properties are numerous; it is alike an antiseptic and disinfectant, and, too, wherever and whenever brought into contact with fleas, is certain death to all kinds of insects. It is a poison, but only incidentally so to the human system; yet even some portionality of its nature is intensely distasteful to insect life. And to this point, in connection with poultry and poultry-houses, we desire to direct the attention of our readers.

All amateur and poultry breeders are but too well aware that parasites are the pests of poultry-houses, more especially in towns and cities, where poultry are kept within confined limits. Without, as the owner thinks, any real cause, the fowls begin to droop and look sickly, and after a while one by one die off. He then becomes alarmed; examines them and finds them covered with parasites; he looks into his fowl house and examines the creaks and chinks in the boards, and finds them filled with insects. He is astonished, he cannot account for it; and then the question arises in his mind: How can I get rid of them? Scores of times within the last few months has this question been asked of us, and our answer we unhesitatingly give, use carbolic acid.

But how to use it is a matter of importance. There can be no doubt about its efficacy, but it becomes every one to exercise care in handling it. The acid is sold by all druggists in it crystalline and liquid form. In crystals, it dissolves in twenty times its weight of water; that is, one ounce of the crystals requires twenty ounces of water to dissolves them. Thus dissolved, it is entirely too strong for any ordinary use. Dr. Emerson gives recipes for preparing this powder for disinfecting and other purposes. As a whitewash for walls, for protection against insects, bugs, etc., he says: "Put three ounces of crystalline acid into twelve quarts of lime water or whitewash. Whitewash the walls of the poultry-house well with this wash, and no living parasites will be seen—their death is inevitable. A weak solution may be made to wash fowls in one part of the acid to fifty parts of warm water; let it cool, then dip the fowls in until the feathers become thoroughly wet and the solution reaches all parts of the body. Afterwards place the fowls on clean, dry straw, where the sun will reach them, until they are dry. Another form in which it is recommended to use it is in soap. These soaps are for sale by various manufacturers, and have a high reputation for cleaning animals and the cure of skin diseases. A recipe for making this soap is as follows: Dissolve eight pounds common bar soap in hot water, and two to four ounces of carbolic acid, according to the desired strength. Allow to cool as usual in making hard soap. As these preparations may be bought ready prepared, and as carbolic acid is by no means a safe article to keep about the house, we would advise persons to buy rather than attempt to make them, especially in case of whitewash, when they may get the pure article and dilute it."—Canadian Poultry Chronicle.

Farm Roads.

Every farm of considerable size, if compact in form, should have a substantial road through it. This should be so arranged as to afford access to most of the cultivated fields, and to the pastures. It should be of sufficient width to enable a team to turn into or to turn off with a load of hay. The gates or bars opening to the field should be strong, so as to allow cattle to be turned into the road directly from the barnyard. In this case the road becomes a part of the pasture.

It would be economical to remove the surface of this road, and replace with coarse gravel at the bottom, and screened gravel at the top. When thoroughly rolled with a heavy roller it would probably resist the action of wheels, so as to leave quite a smooth and easily travelled road. If some portions of the way are of a soft and swampy character, it would be well to take off the surface soil, a firm bottom is reached, and then fill up to within six or eight inches of the top, with some of the stones that are in the way on the farm. If on a farm where stones do not abound, fill with old timber, coarse brush, plank, or anything else that will prevent the horses sinking, then fill with coarse gravel or whatever can be obtained at least cost, that will best meet the purposes intended.

For want of such roads, we have seen farms greatly injured. Otherwise beautiful fields were cut into unsightly ruts, and the cost in mowing and raking them nearly doubled the usefulness of their existence. When it becomes necessary to re-seed such fields the furrows are broken every time the plough passes over the ruts, and the places can only be made level and smooth by hoe or spade. If the land is to be planted and cultivated before seeding the grass, it is not of so much consequence, but still, the neat workman will be annoyed by the slovenly appearance of the field.

A good road passing through the farm is greatly needed in the spring. The ground is then soft, and the teaming to be done of the heaviest kind. Very few farmers appreciate the weight of a two-horse cart-load of green manure. An easy way of ascertaining will be by taking an old bushel basket,—weigh it and fill the basket, weigh again and empty into the cart until it is filled with such a load as is usually drawn out by the team. Dana, in his Muck Manual, page 135, states that one cord of green cow-dung will weigh 9,920 lbs. It is not unusual to see an ox-cart filled with such material, to be hauled off by a single pair of oxen, and perhaps over plowed ground, where the power to move it ought to be twice as great as on a hard road. We have often seen a common horse-cart filled with green manure from the barn-cellar, and taken to a ploughed field by a single horse. When there, the feet of the horse would sink to the fetlocks, and the wheels of the cart several inches into the soft soil. Still, the poor animal was expected to draw the load. On reminding a farm hand to find the weight of his loads by the "basket process," it appeared that he was hauling out about 2,200 pounds at each load. Such a load would not be too much, perhaps, for a stout horse, on a hard road, but over a newly ploughed field it was a cruel exaction.

There are other reasons why the farm should be supplied with one good road, at least. Through moist soils, ruts are soon deeply cut; this not only increases the draft, but the carts become coated with mud, and sometimes that coating remains on them during the entire summer—haying season and all! This injures the paint and wood-work of the vehicles, and to say the least, is no credit to the farmer. [N. E. Farmer.

Hints on Pickle Making.

Care should be taken to procure unadulterated vinegar. It is very unsatisfactory to make pickels unless you are sure your vinegar is perfectly pure. It is better to go some distance from home to procure reliable vinegar than to use that which is not warranted free from foreign acid. The quantity of salt water used in scalding the vegetables will indicate the quantity of vinegar required. About a pound and a half of salt to a gallon of water is the usual allowance for this operation. Most housekeepers differ in their method of making pickels; but if good vinegar is used, the spices the same, and the vegetables tender, the results will be very nearly the same. It is only a question of time. What I mean is this: In the long run it does not matter so much what the salting process has been, whether they have been in salt three days, 24 hours, or only a few minutes. Very excellent pickels can be made without putting the vegetables in salt at all, but it will take a longer time for the vinegar to pentrate it. The object of putting vegetables designed for present vinegar-pickling in salt and water is to extract or reduce the natural juice of the fruit in order to make room for the vinegar to enter readily. A very little alum dissolved in the vinegar restores the crispness lost through the action of the salt. All young, tender and green vegetables are adapted to acid pickling, to which sugar would be inappropriate; but ripe vegetables, which have lost their snap, such as yellow cucumbers, are better when the acid used receives a due proportion of sugar. Pickled fruits are better when the sugar predominates over the acid of the vinegar. Cloves, cinnamon and cassia-buds are, in my opinion, only adapted to those pickles in which sugar is used. Mace, mustard-seed, capsicums or red-peppers, green-peppers, garlic, black pepper-corns, ginger-root and bay-leaves are best adapted to a purely acid pickle.

How Dr. Nichols Raises Potatoes.

The editor of the Boston Journal of Chemistry, Dr. James R. Nichols is, we believe, doing more than any other man in the country to aid farmers by demonstrating how they can raise crops without stable manure, and simply by the application of proper chemical agents. There was recently a gathering of prominent agriculturists at his farm in Haverhill, one of the guests being the editor of the New England Farmer. We take the following from his account of the crops:

The potato crop was carefully examined, and it was judged would yield three hundred bushels to the acre.

Standing in the midst of these crops, the inquiry was made,—"What was the condition of the land before the potatoes were put upon it?" The reply was: "Three years ago it was covered with young oaks. These were pulled out by the roots, the land thoroughly ploughed and pulverized, and last year planted with potatoes. Gypsum and bone were applied to the hill, and the crop was a large one.

Last spring it was ploughed deeply again, pulverized finely, the same fertilizer applied the weeds kept down, and here is the result. They have had no stable manure whatever!" The potatoes were large, fair and as good-looking as potatoes could well be. The reader ought to know, however, that the potato field was on the edge of a meadow of a rich black soil, and that it received the wash of a narrow strip above on its whole length. The advantages would not, we should judge, bring such a crop of themselves.

Fine corn was also shown raised by similar culture, and in the Doctor's cold grapery are grapes, now in the sixth year of their growth presenting a most luxurious appearance and which have never had any stable manure. The Dr.'s advice to farmers is to make all the manure they can and use it on their farms, and then to make up with chemical fertilizers the balance they need for their crops.

Scalds and Burns.

Which are not much more than skin deep, are instantly relieved of pain by excluding the air; that which does it most perfectly gives the most decided relief, and that which is most likely to be at hand in an emergency is, to that extent, the best. Plunge the part in water, cool or warm. But as this is not applicable to some portions of the body, except for a time too short for the healing process to take place, it must be regarded as a temporary expedient while some more permanent application can be prepared. Sprinkle common flour over the burned part until it is entirely covered over; the moisture of the wound causes the flour to form a plaster impervious to air. If this plaster cracks or scales off, the part can be moistened with warm water and flour applied as before. In a very few days a beautiful new skin will form without a scar, and the cakes will fall off, or apply warm water until they become so soft as to fall off themselves; do not pick them off with the finger nail. The inconveniences of the hard coating can be avoided by using another application made of oil and lime water. Pour water on a lump of unslacked lime, as soon as it is clear stir in sweet oil until it is as thick as thick cream, by slacking, and apply it freely at the time, and subsequently as often as any discomfort arises. If boiling water is poured on the lime rock, it will clear in a few minutes, good druggists always keep lime water on hand. Families would do well to keep a bottle of the mixture always on hand; it will keep a year, and it can be taken and used at a moment's notice, the natural skin growing again without a scar, and without the inconvenient hard caking of flour. [Dr. Hall.

A Mystery Cleared Up.

The people of Tonawanda and Grand Island are at present much interested in revelations said to have been made in regard to the commission of a fearful tragedy which horrified the community sixteen years ago. In the year 1855, in a little settlement known as New Burgholtz, in the town of Wheatfield, about six miles from Tonawanda, dwelt a Prussian physician known as Dr. Stanger, a man of some means and quite generally known. One morning about Thanksgiving time, in the fall of the year named, a visitor to to the house of the doctor found no one to answer his call, and entering, found the woman who had been employed as housekeeper lying dead upon the floor, and upon a bed the corpse of her daughter twelve years of age, both bearing ghastly wounds which had produced their death. The discoverer of the scene of slaughter immediately alarmed the neighborhood, and search was instituted for the doctor.

At length his dead body was found by the roadside more than a mile from his house, indicating that he had either been enticed in that direction, or that, fleeing from the murderers, he had at length been overtaken and disposed of. Some purpose other than robbery must have influenced the assassins, for none of the property in the victim's house was disturbed, even his gold watch remaing in its accustomed place upon the wall. A great excitement was created in the neighborhood, and strenuous efforts were made to bring the guilty person to justice, but all availed nothing, for, although different parties towards whom suspicion pointed were taken into custody, nothing could be proved against them, and they were released. Years passed on, the tragedy becoming an old-time story, and it seemed that the mystery which enshrouded it was never to be cleared away. But at last, as we are told, revelations have been made tending in this case to verify the saying that murder will out.

On Grand Island, at and after the time of the murder, resided with this family one Christian Forbeck, a man of rather ill-repute, but against whom no suspicion as to his complicity in the crime was directed. Later his business affairs did not prosper, and at length, perhaps eight or nine years ago, he removed to a western State. Also near La Salle lived a man by the name of Wagner. Of his reputation we have learned but little. He, too, removed to the West some years ago.

The present report, and which has renewed the interest in this affair of the past, is that within the past few weeks Christian Forbeck has expired, and that upon his dying bed he made full confession that he it was, with the complicity of Wagner, who committed the triple murder. Wagner, shortly after he went away from this State, made his way to Michigan, and there ended his career by performing the office of the hangman for himself. [Buffalo Courier, 24th.

SERIOUS CHARGES. The New York Sun says:

The Chicago Times publishes some very grave charges against Senator Pomeroy of Kansas. It alleges that Mr. Pomeroy having fallen under the bower of a counterfeiter from Ohio named Carman, by being detected in a criminal liaison with his wife has not only paid Carman $3000 of hush money, but procured his appointment to office in the Pension Bureau at Washington, and also obtained places in the Interior Department for two of his sons; while Mrs. Carman and another woman of similar charactor, named Mrs. Grant, were appointed on the solicitation of Senator Pomeroy to positions in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. These charges were first laid before the public about a month ago, and we have ever since expected some contradiction of them from Senator Pomeroy but none has come. If they are true, they exhibit a degree of corruption and vice among Republican officials at Washington which even the robberies of the Tammany ring do not exceed in atrocity and shamelessness

In the Twilight.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

The day is asleep where delight is;
The night cometh up from the sea,
And, sweeter than day or than night is,
The little ones flock to my knee.
Sweet Evelyn, queenly and quiet,
Lenore with her dead father's eyes,
And Roland, the prince of all riot,
That bosomed in innocence lie.

All day with the winds that were straying
Through forests embroidered with fern,
Or under the window boughs playing
That still for the river brinks yearn.
They know where the pebbles are whitest,
In caverns low down by the sea;
Where birds are the bravest and brightest,
And breezes the fullest of glee.

But they come when the whisper of shadows
Is thrilling the odorous air,
And, sweeter than clover of meadows,
Their breath flutters into my hair.
They cover my face with their kisses,
My hands with their fingers of snow,
Till my soul hath prescience of blisses
That only co-angels may know.

And though I am telling them stories,
My spirit hath wandered afar,
To the infinite home, where a door is,
And will be forever, ajar—
'Till safe with the darling He keepeth,
My wee, tender lambkins and I,
Are held in the sunlight that creepeth
Where never a shadow may lie.

The Mysterious Lady.

From the Overland Monthly.

The Nisqually, which is one of the most lovely and picturesque rivers in the world, empties into Puget Sound a few miles southeast of Steilacoom. Formerly one of the savage tribes of Indians of the northwest claimed the Nisqually as its hunting ground, but now, only a few poor, miserable, filthy, squalid beings remain of the once powerful tribe, and even they have lost their native energy, and fallen into premature decay.

Many years ago when these Indians were famous hunters, the traders of the Hudson Bay company went into their country, and finding them rich in furs, erected a fort, established a trading-post, and soon, by means of blandishments—which they knew so well how to use—won the friendship of those whom they doomed to destruction; for strange as it may appear, the white trader has always carried to the homes of the Indian disease and death, along with his blankets and trinkets.

When we reached Steilacoom, and commenced making preparations for a fortnight in the forest, I was deputed to learn something about the country; and in answer to my inquiries, nearly everybody would reply:

"Take Warden can tell you all about the country; and if you want to have a good time, you had better get Jake to go with you."

I hunted up Mr. Warden, and found him in a liquor saloon, in the act of swallowing a quantity of brown or amber-colored spirits. He was a tall, sunburnt man, drawing very near to the three-score mark of human life, of a dull countenance, and listless manner. His frame appeared loose and flexible, but it was vast, and, in reality, of prodigious power. The interior lineaments of his countenance were coarse, extended, and vacant; while the superior, or those nobler parts, which are thought to effect the intellectual being, were low, receding, and mean. His dress was a mixture of the coarsest vestments of a husbandman with the leathern garments that are affected by the frontiersmen. There was also a singular and wild display of prodigal and ill-judged ornaments blended in his motley attire.

I introduced myself immediately, and informed the hunter what I desired. After having explained my wishes to him, I awaited his reply. He looked at me in a lazy sort of a manner, and drawled out:

"You fellars ar' from the city, ar'n't ye?"

"Yes."

"And ye don't know nothin' about the woods?"

"Our knowledge is limited."

"And ye would like to have some good huntin' and fishin'?"

"Yes."

"Ar' ye goin' fur a reg'ler time ov it?"

"Yes."

"Goin' to take a good supply of drinkables along, hain't ye?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll go; and ef yer don't have lots of fun, I'm a Siwash (Indian.) When do you want to start?"

"As soon as possible."

"Then I'll just go and git my plunder, and jine ye."

He had kept his word and had led us into the forest, and now, at the end of the first day's hunting and fishing, we were enjoying such comfort as rest always brings after great fatigue.

The conversation was beginning to flag and lose its interest, when our guide said:

"Ef you'll pass along that ar' jug of pizin, I'll take a drop to moisten my gullet and ile the hinges of my tongue, and then spin yes a yarn of the early days of this yere country."

Mr. Warden raised the demijohn to his lips, and held it there for something more than a minute, and until two great lachrymal globules burst from his eyes and slowly rolled down his cheeks. Then, setting the cherished casket between his legs, and wiping as lips with the cuff of his coat, he said:

"Boys, ye are trumps! Ef ye don't know nothin' about huntin' bar or skelpin' redskins, yer has a taste that can't be denied, and I'm proud to bear testimony to the fact that yer selection of licker can't be beat. In fact, boys, ye possesses a talent for it which almost amounts to a genius. I'll drink yer healths."

"Now, lemme see," said Mr. Warden, after he having paid his respects to the demijohn a second time. "Lemme see whar I'll begin. Yes, I guess I'll tell ye about the Mysterious Lady of Nisqually. That was something I never could understand, and although I was quite curus, and tried to sift the matter to the bottom. But them old factors was too close-mouthed, and wouldn't let out a word."

"It's now nearly forty years since I arrived on the Pacific coast and took employment with the Hudson Bay Company. During my wanderings over this country, and my tarryings at the various trading-posts, I learned a good deal of their trickery; but nothing in all my experience, ever puzzled me half so much as the history of that Mysterious Lady of Nisqually.

I think it is nigh on to thirty years since I came up the Sound, and put up my wigwam at the fort built by the Company, a few miles below, on the river. I ain't very good at figures, consequently the dates may get a little mixed, but the facts are remembered just as vividly as if they happened only yesterday.

At the time of my arrival there was hardly any white men in this part of the world; and what few there were owed allegiance to the Company, and dared not object to anything decreed by a factor.*

A factor's word was law among those employed by the Company, as well as among the Indians that made their homes at the forts; and I can remember more than one instance where sentence of death was pronounced and carried into effect, upon persons whose offences were not hanging matter, if they had been tried by the law.

I mention these things in order that you may know why I never got at the bottom of my mystery. A short distance from the factor's residence was a little cottage, inclosed by a high fence. The only means of ingress or egress to the cottage was through a heavy gate, which was always kept locked and guarded by a sharp-eyed, close-mouthed Scotchman, who would make no acquaintance with any of the other employees. The only thing he was ever known to do, was to stand guard at that gate, and to follow and watch the person held there as a prisoner, when she was permitted to go abroad—or, rather, when she desired to go abroad, for, with the exception of keeping her strictly to herself, she was permitted the largest liberty.

I had been at the fort only a few days before I discovered that the cottage was the prison-house of a female, a young woman—about as pretty as human flesh could be made. "I hain't got no good descriptive powers"—to use his exact words—"or I'd tell you how she looked; but I'm a first-rate judge ov beauty, and will pledge you my faith that she was regular stunnin'. The old Scotchman, standin' or sittin' in front of that gate all the time, had aroused my curiosity, and I axed a good many questions, trying to find out what it all meant, but could get from them only a shrug of the shoulders and a peculiar grimance, which meant very little or a good deal, just as it happened."

I finally made bold enough to ask the old Scott, but got from him only a surly, growling intimation that I had better mind my own business, and not meddle with the concerns of others. Shortly after I was called into the store by the factor, cautioned against pursuing my investigations, and dismissed with a warning.

The evident desire to keep the secret of that cottage was a sore temptation to me and I determined to risk everything to solve the mystery, but was compelled to bide my time and opportunity. My rashness had caused me to be watched, and it was not until all suspicion had been allayed, that I could with safety, make another effort.

One day I was returning from the excursion up the Payullup river, and was leisurely walking across one of those beautiful prairies which abound in this region. Now, these prairies are about as pretty pictures as one can see in a day's walk, but "ain't worth shucks for farmin' purposes." The soil is hard and unyielding, the herbage sour, and fit only for sheep; even the deer refuse to browse upon it. A wagon or vehicle could travel over it as lightly as over a heated road, while the hoofs of animals hardly more than bruised the grass; but as they fell upon the ground they made a noise that could be heard a long distance. Stopping for a moment under the shade of a solitary tree, to enjoy the beauty of the scene, my ears caught the sound of approaching horses. Looking in the direction whence the sound came, I saw that one of them was ridden by a woman not more than six and twenty years of age. Her hair was about the color of corn silk in August, while her features, notwithstanding they showed traces of sorrow, were very beautiful. The other animal, which was fully two hundred yards in the rear, was ridden by the Scottish guard of the cottage. I instantly surmised that the beautiful female was the prisoner, and stepped out for the purpose of attracting her attention, and giving an opportunity to address me. The woman no sooner caught sight of me than she turned her horse's head toward the spot where I was standing. The movement was observed by the Scot, who, sinking his heavy spurs into his horse's sides, urged him forward at the top of his speed, at the same time shouting:

"Dinna ye spake to her ef ye value yer life!"

The lady had the advantage of her guard, and was soon beside me, but did not stop to speak. As she passed, she gave me a look full of meaning, which seemed to say "I would give worlds for a half-hour's conversation with you, but I will have to postpone it till some other occasion."

As the Scot rode past, he said, "Ye did weel to keep yer tongue within your mouth."

This little incident increased my desire to know more about the fair prisoner, but my judgment told me if I would learn I must use strategy. I could not understand why the girl should be guarded so closely, nor why she had been sent to this far, out of the way place for imprisonment. After this, I quite frequently caught sight of the prisoner, but she was always attended by the Scot, who never, for a single instant relaxed his vigilance, or gave her an opportunity to speak to a single soul. Many a night have I laid awake puzzling my brain over the matter, and wondering if the mystery would ever be revealed.

A year had passed away since my arrival at the fort, and still the young girl was held a prisoner. Her keepers, however, had long ceased to exercise an espionage upon my actions and movements, because I had taken pains to allay their suspicions. At length, finding that I could move about the fort without having an Indian at my heels, I commenced making preparations for an interview with the fair prisoner. It is not necessary for the understanding of my story, that I should weary you with explaining how I laid my plans, constructed scaling laders from rope made of bark; how, upon one dark night, when the rain was pouring down in torrents and the wind sighed mournfully through the trees, I stole forth from my cabin, and soon found myself within the inclosure and beside the cottage, gazing into the room occupied by her.

Notwithstanding the hour was past the meridian of night, the fair occupant of the room was still awake. I was puzzled how to attract her attention, and not at the same time startle her and cause her to scream, or give some alarm, which would bring the old Scotchman to interrupt the proposed interview. After revolving a number of schemes, and rejecting them all, I tapped gently upon the glass, at the same time placing myself in such a position that I could be seen the moment her eyes were raised to the window. The noise caused the girl to raise her head, and as she did so she caught sight of me. Her face blanched with terror, and she opened her mouth as if to scream; but by a desperate struggle she choked down her feelings and tottered toward the door, opened it, and said something which I thought was an invitation to enter, and which I accepted as such.

Motioning me to be seated, she commenced telling me something, but as she spoke in French I could not understand a word she said. Here was a pretty condition of affairs! After all my trouble to find out how I could assist the unfortunate lady, to be balked at the very moment when success appeared certain! I told her that I could not understand a word she was saying; that I was totally ignorant of all languages but my native one. A shade of deep disappointment passed over her features, and she stood for a moment as if revolving in her mind what to do. Suddenly a bright gleam illuminated her face, her eyes sparkled with pleasure, and she seated herself at a table, seized a pen, and dashed off a letter, which she folded, addressed, and handed to me with a gesture, which seemed to say, "Will you be kind enough to post that for me?" I took the letter, placed it in my pocket, rose from my seat, and started toward the door. She followed me, and, as I was going out, seized my hand, raised it to her lips, and pressed a kiss upon it. Now, I have been kissed more than any number of times by girls that might be called good looking in any part of the world, but none of the kisses ever sent such a thrill through me before. I could hardly resist the temptation to turn back, throw my arms around the lady, and give her a regular Kentucky hug. But thinking she might not like it, I restrained my feelings, dashed out into the rain, and was soon back in my cabin.

I knew that the Company never permitted letters to be sent away from the fort without first having been read by the factor, and that if I undertook to send the letter the lady had given me, it would not only be confiscated, but would get me into very serious trouble. I had, however promised that I would forward the letter to its destination, and determined to do so. Several months passed away before an opportunity presented itself to fulfill my trust. In company with several others, I was sent down to Vancouver Island for supplies, and finding, on our arrival, one of the Company's ships on the eve of sailing for Europe, I made the acquaintance of one of the crew, and becoming convinced that he could be trusted, gave him the letter, with instructions to post it upon arriving in England.

I returned to the fort and continued my routine of duties, frequently catching glimpses of the lady, but never getting an opportunity to address a single word to her, for the old Scotchman never, for a single moment, relaxed his vigilance. At first, I thought I could observe a brighter look in the face of the poor girl, as if hope was fanning her heart, and imparting more strength to her body. This continued for more than a year; and then, as month after month rolled away, I could detect a redness about her eyes, which indicated that she had begun to lose her grasp upon the anchor, grow despondent, and gave way to tears. Two years and a half had marked their events in the world's history since the letter had been intrusted to my hands, when information was brought to the fort by the Indians that a ship had entered the Sound.

The arrival of a vessel was an event of so rare an occurrence that it attracted a great deal of attention. Rival traders were looked upon by the Hudson Bay Company pretty much in the same light that other people regarded thieves, and the factors generally treated them as gamekeepers treated poachers. In the present instance, scouts were sent out to watch the actions of the strangers, and to report to the commander of our fort. The scouts, after a short absence, returned, and reported that the vessels had dropped her anchor at the mouth of the river, and that those on board were making inquiries in regard to the fort. This information was no sooner communicated to the factor than he ordered his canoe, and proceeded to visit the ship.

What took place on board the ship is also a mystery to me, for I never heard a word spoken about it. It is propable, however, that the factor was kindly entertained, for on his return to the fort I noticed his footsteps were irregular, and that his face was flushed and his eyes heavy, as if he had been drinking pretty freely.

The following day three young men from the vessel visited the fort and were entertained by the factor. They claimed to be young gentlemen of fortune, traveling around the world in their own vessel, for no other purpose than seeing it; but one of them was soon found to be very inquisitive, asking questions of the employes about the fort, the country, the Indians, and the inclosed cottage. His conduct was reported to the factor, who bluntly informed him that his actions were distasteful, and unbecoming a gentleman and a guest.

The arrival of the strangers had caused the fair prisoner to be kept strictly confined within her enclosed cottage. She was forbidden to take her accustomed ride over the prairie, while the old Scot appeared to redouble his vigilance at the gate. Whether the factor suspected that the strangers would attempt to rescue his prisoner, or desired to keep her concealed from view, I never knew.

The vessel remained at the mouth of the river for several weeks, during which time the strangers visited the trading post quite frequently, cultivated the acquaintance of the Indians, and endeavored to secure their friendship. The behavior of the factor was observed, by those familiar with him, to undergo a change. He became nervous, suspicious and ill at ease. Upon one pretext or another, he sent the white men away from the fort; some were sent in one direction, some in another, but all upon journeys that would require their absence for a number of days. In company with two others I was directed to go to Vancouver, on the Columbia River. Two days after our departure an accident happened which necessitated our returning to the fort.

Whether the strangers had deemed the absence of the white men from the fort as a fit time for them to carry their plans into execution, or whether they had only then matured them, and determined to waste no more time, is something that I cannot explain; but it matters very little. The fact is, that during my absence an attack had been made upon the fort by a party from the ship. They had gained an entrance, had captured and secured the old Scot, opened the cottage gate, and carried away the prisoner without making any noise, or at least, not sufficient to arouse the slumbering inmates of the large inclosure. After having secured what they had evidently come for the party silently departed and returned to their vessel. On getting under sail, they released the old Scot and sent him ashore, bidding him to be sure and apologize to the factor for their unceremonious departure. The old guard hastened back, awakened the sleeping factor and told him what had happened. With a deep curse he jumped from his bed, rushed to the door aroused every sleeping Indian about the fort, and in a very short time two or three hundred had gathered in front of the house. In a few words he gave them to understand what had taken place, and that he desired their assistance to retake the prisoner and punish those who had carried her away. The Indians were told that they had the factor's permission to destroy the ship, kill all on board, and appropriate everything found in her to their own use, and that he would shield them from all consequences. The Indians were only too glad of an opportunity to engage in such an enterprise. Unfortunately for those on board the vessel, the wind had died out almost immediately after the old Scot had been released. When the Indians reached the waters of the Sound the white sails of the doomed vessel were idly flapping the mast a short distance away. Silently, but rapidly, the Indians approached the vessel until they came within a few hundred yards, when they were warned to keep off; but disregarding the warning, a volley of grapeshot was discharged among the canoes, crushing one or two and killing several of the Indians. Raising their battle-cry and singing their war-songs, the remainder of the red skins were soon engaged in a hand to hand combat with those on board the ship. The contest was so unequal that notwithstanding the whites fought with courage and desperation, they were quickly overpowered and cut down by the invaders. At this moment the chief factor and the Scotchman reached the vessel and made their way to the cabin, the door of which they broke open, and discovered their fair prisoner lying upon the floor, with her arms around the neck of a young man, who bore a strong personal resemblance to her—dead.

The two bodies were carried ashore and buried beneath the shade of a large fir tree that stood like a sentinel upon a promontory of land. The Indians robbed the vessel and then set fire to it, and I arrived in time to see it destroyed and to take part in the burial. I dared not ask the factor for the history of the young woman, and never learned who or what she was. May be some of the old directors could explain the mystery.

*A factor was one who had charge of a fort belonging to the Hudson Bay Company. A chief factor had supervision of a district which included a number of trading-posts.

Waves that are harmless—the waves of ladies' handkerchiefs.

A Chicago Marriage.

The correspondent of the New York Tribune gives the following description of a marriage in the suburbs of the burned city, between parties who had lost all their worldly possessions by the great conflagration.

* * * So, when it was whispered about that sweet Minnie T——, a relative of our host, and who was to have been married according to the strictest sect of the fashionables, if Superior street had not been burned, would really carry out her intention and take the holy vows on the 12th, the house was in a state of the wildest excitement. How could they get a license; how find a clergyman? The trousseau was burned; the intended guests were burned out; the caterers and florists had neither flowers nor food. How could a fashionable young lady make up her mind to be married without these things? But she did! And what was more, being a girl of exceeding sweetness and womanliness, she did not seem to care a whit about her lost splendors. Thursday came, and with it a tremendous sweeping and dusting of the house of refuge; for let me tell you that a running fire of running guests does not leave a house swept and garnished, but quite the contrary. A license had been obtained, and Minnie's own burned out clergyman had come to marry her; but what should be done for decorations? The large house-parlor had never been furnished, and there was not even a mantelpiece in the room. But it seemed as if the fire had developed as much feminine ingenuity as it had destroyed feminine property. Theodore Winthrop said that if the order had been given in the 7th New York Regiment, "Poets to the Front," a goodly company would have answered to the call, and so now a call for decorators of burned property brought a perfect rush of talent to the rescue. In the unsightly chimney hole was placed an inverted soap-box, covered with a crimson cloth. On this sat a tall slop-jar, cribbed from a bedroom, filled with lovely crimson and green autumn leaves. To be sure a slop-jar is not *per se* a handsome ornament; but then some refugee had left a magnificent stag's head and antlers, which, set up in front of the objectionable crockery, left nothing to be desired. A white cravat, lost by some city exquisite who probably found it was impossible to save both that and his neck, tied more autumn leaves into a true lover's knot of colossal size, and hung high in the pier. Branches of richest color filled all sorts of niches and corners, and the room was declared magnificent. Some one, however, suggested that there was no sort of table or altar for the minister's use. But fortune favors the brave; a pair of library steps was produced from somewhere, and a sheet pinned around them. Another treasure trove was a scarlet cross in illuminated work, with the motto, "Cast thy care upon Him, for He careth for thee." Our little white altar, with this pinned to the front face and surmounted by a big Bible and prayer-book, made a very canonical appearance indeed. Then the room was ready and we had a rehearsal. But alas! what bride and groom of the present day could kneel on a bare floor and get up again gracefully? In vain blocks of wood, boxes and books were tried—one was too high, another too low. At last a bright thought came—carriage cushions! For it must be said that in burned Chicago now there are forty carriages and pairs of horses to one house, as these first were mostly saved; so that beggars ride where beggars never rode before. Four cushions were brought from the barn, and an Afghan converted into a lovely hassock. As it is (or was) impossible in these days to have a wedding without showing "the presents," a vine-wreathed table in one corner held a most elaborate display. A beautiful jewel-case contained what was set forth as the bridegroom's gift—a set of exquisite pearls, which you had to look at very nearly to discover that they were moulded from fine white ravelings of cotton cloth. Other cases contained sets of pickle forks, preserve-spoons, and so forth, cut out in pasteboard, with mouldings and monograms, in lead pencil. Valuable jewelry was plenty, only unfortunately the lava ear-rings had been dug out once too often, and the cameos looked very black and queer round the edges. A pewter tablespoon, a German silver fork and some valuable aids to housekeeping in the broom and dust-pan line, completed the array, which certainly was unique, and interested the spectators much more than the usual show. But when it came to dressing the bride, serious difficulties occurred. Her wedding dress and veil had never come home from Field & Leiters. Never mind, she had a white cambric morning-dress, which, looped over a nice petticoat, would make her slender figure look lovely, and her married sister had saved her own wedding-veil. Some simple white flowers from a neighbor's yard took the place of orange blossoms, and a set of pearls was borrowed from a friend who had brought them out of the fire in her hands. As for stockings, handkerchiefs, etc., the various guests provided those from among them. So the pretty bride looked, after all, as sweet as a rose, and the long-laid-away tulle veil became her soft fair locks to a charm. The groom was dressed in borrowed clothes from head to foot, as was the first bridesmaid, while the brother who gave away the bride complained that he, being five feet nine, was obliged to borrow the dress suit of a man who stood six feet six in his stockings, and that consequently, when he stepped forward to perform his brotherly duty, he was obliged to take a reef in his habiliments to prevent falling over on his nose. At last all was ready. I wonder if just such an assemblage ever met together at a wedding before. There were about forty guests, all but one of whom had been driven from their houses by the actual presence of fire—the bride and groom had hastened their wedding so as to go away together among friends who could shelter and help them. The minister who married them had promised his congregation that he would stay among them and work with his hands if necessary, being bereft of all he had in the world. And this was all that was left of one of the richest congregations in the richest city of the West! But never have I seen, among rich or poor, a sweeter and more holy-seeming wedding; and when, after solemn words were said, the congregation, at a sign from the minister, dropped on their knees and offered a solemn thanksgiving to the Almighty for their preservation through the horrors of the last few dreadful days, broken voices and tender and heartfelt tones attested the reality of the service. And so the warm biscuit and cold water that stood for wedding cake and wine were partaken of, with a plentiful seasoning of cheerful words and even jests, and all felt that to be poor in such good company robbed ruin of half its sting.

Franklin was a printer. Bolivar was a druggist. Mahomet Ali was a barber. Virgil was the son of a potter. Milton was the son of a scavenger. Horace was the son of a shop-keeper. Demosthenese was the son of a cutler. Robert Burns was a plowman in Ayershire. Shakespeare was the son of a wool stapler. Cardinal Woolsey was the son of a pork butcher. Oliver Cromwell was the son of a London brewer. Whitfield was the son of an innkeeepr at Gloucester. Columbus was the son of a weaver, and a weaver himself. John Jacob Astor once sold apples on the streets of New York.

Young women often keep their lovers by tears. "Yes," says Grumwig, "love, like beef is preserved by brine."

Fun in the Far West.

We mentioned the other day a fight between a bull and a bear which was advertised for the Virginia City Grand Opera House, but which didn't come off because the beasts refused to play—they hadn't received their salaries, probably. Since then there have been other and more successful novelties, this account of one of which, from the Virginia City Enterprise of September 23, is very interesting, not to say suggestive.

The great wild-cat and bull dog fight came off at the Opera-house last night, according to programme, and was witnessed by a full and excited house, composed mostly of men, but a few of the "sterner sex"—when it comes to cat-fighting—were present. There was rigged up on the stage a large cage, twelve feet wide, ten feet deep and ten feet high; the front and five feet of either side constructed of small iron bars. Toward the roof of the cage, placed so as to perfectly light up the interior, were eight gas jets. All being in readiness, fight number one took place.

The smallest cat was let into the den, and soon after Mr. Gee's large white bull-dog, Hero. Hero proved himself a hero in this instance. He went after that cat "thar and then." The cat stood his first charge, and then began to leave. It bounded across the den with its stumpy tail erect, and tried to get out through the bars, but was driven back by men who stood on either side with swords, with the back of which they rapped it on the nose. After a few wild plunges about the cage the dog got a square hold of the beast, and very soon killed it. From the time he started in, the dog was not much longer killing the cat than a black and tan would have been in using up a rat. The dog killed him "very dead," and to kill him still "deader" a man went into the cage and gave him a cut across the neck with a sword.

This short and decisive fight sent wild-cat down. Hero was the hero of the moment. He was sponged off, had a rest, and was finally in trim for another bout. The second cat, a female and much larger than the male which had been killed, was let in, (and he was wild for the fray, trying to get through the bars), and we had fight number two. The dog went at the second cat as impetuously as he had gone for the first, but this one was a fighter and made the fur fly from the word go. They had it very lively for a time, when the dog began to show plainly by his actions that he "hadn't lost any wild-cat." He preferred standing at a distance and barking, though occasionally he made a rush, when the cat would pitch into him like an expert boxer, and make the hair fly at a great rate. The dog was removed, rested and sponged off. Being returned he went for the cat a few times, but her claws were too sharp, and he moved to the entrance, and, with tail down, "asked" to be let out.

He was encouraged to try again, but could not be made to see that there would be any glory in getting away with the spiteful and wiry old cat. He was taken out, and his owner at last came forward to the footlight and said he would not try him again, that he gave up the bet, which on his part, was $500 against ten head of bullocks put up by the owner of the cat. The result of this fight sent wild-cat up. Before the second cat was let into the den no one in the house would have bet ten cents on any cat in the world, now all was changed. After a long talk about another match, and a delay of an hour, twenty dollars was raised, the cat purchased of its owner, and then came fight number three and the death

many; things are very bad here," with a shake of the head. "Have politics anything to do with them?" "Politics have a heap to do with them." "Ah, well, Mr. Montgomery, will you be good enough to name some of these political outrages?" "Can't call to mind any just now; but you sit down and talk to my wife for one hour, and she'll convince you. She's been shot at through my window, mistaken for me." "But, Mr. Montgomery, you surely can name some specific outrage?" Mr. Montgomery, does not name any. "Well, sir, is there any opposition on the part of the people in the enforcement of the United States laws?" I put the question bluntly and sharply. He hesitates, averts his eyes, and finally tells me that there is no opposition to their enforcement that he knows of. If there is none does he believe that the condition of the State demanded the proclamation of martial law? Mr. Montgomery declines to answer the question. By this time I have arrived at his residence. In vain do I search for bullet holes. Not a mark is to be seen—not a scar to bear evidence of the murderous attacks. Mr. Montgomery is a radical office-holder: his term of office is expiring. Help him, martial law, or he might lose his place.

WHAT A FEDERAL OFFICER SAYS.

I leave Mr. Montgomery dissatisfied. Surely there must be some fire under the smoke. Well, I waylay Captain Stewart, the military commandant, a bluff, hearty, Michigan soldier, who does not bother with politics, but who evidently does not love the Southern people. The Captain has been here since last November; surely he ought to know something about the "unlawful combinations." I begin pumping and perceive at once that he is prejudiced. "Captain, since you have been here has any case came to your knowledge of opposition on the part of the whites to the enforcement of the laws?" "No." "Has there been any instance where a United States Marshal has been resisted?" Not that he is aware of. "Have there been any Ku Klux outrages in the county since your arrival?" "Yes;" and he repeats the story of the negro. "Any others?" "Yes—no—the other was an ordinary row." "Have any negroes been killed?" "Yes; but he was killed by another negro." "Come, this is getting funny. No opposition to the laws; no national wards killed and yet Newberry county is under martial law." I have a long and pleasant chat with the Captain. He believes that there are men in the county who hate the government. "Captain, do you know of any organization in Newberry inimical to the United States?" He doesn't know of any; the people are too shrewd to let him. "Have you or any of your soldiers been shot at?" "Never," and the Captain perambulates the town at all hours of the night. He has never even been treated with disrespect. True enough, one of his officers failed to get board at a minister's because the congregation objected; true enough, an intoxicated young man indulged in abusive language before two Northern ladies at the hotel, for which, I think he ought to have been shamed of himself. These are the only instances of disloyalty the Captain can name. Well, social prejudices and blackguardism do not constitute treason. I bring the Captain back to the point. "Has there been any resistance—armed or otherwise—to the authorities?" "None." But the Captain is in favor of martial law. Why? He cannot explain, but still he approves it.

MARTIAL LAW—AND FOR WHAT?

I have exaggerated nothing, concealed nothing. Newberry county is under martial law. For what I don't know. The white citizens don't know, the negroes don't know and don't care. I have searched for the "insurrection" and it is not here. Some months ago Governor Scott consented to change the State officials, and a better state of feeling at once became apparent. To-day the laws are executed with greater impartiality than before, and justice gets her prey more frequently. Whites and blacks are living together harmoniously rather than otherwise. The outrages I have recorded belong to months ago; they have no existence this evening. Now, in the name of God, of peace and of civil liberty, why was Newberry county placed under martial law?

A GREAT MISTAKE.

Are there, then, no Ku Klux? Yes, plenty of them, I fear. But I am fully satisfied that their object is not political. They are foolish hair-brained fellows, perhaps; but martial law will not suppress them. I am firmly convinced that the moment the laws of the State are fearlessly and properly enforced they will disappear. But midnight arrests, breaking open houses and sending men to prison without permitting their relatives to see them will not remedy the evil. To-day the people of Newberry are stupefied; to-morrow they may be something worse. In Union, Spartanburg and York counties the feeling is intensely bitter. Men are fleeing from their homes because they are not safe from arrest. Any negro can have a dozen white men arrested and they dare not ask the reason. Let an unprejudiced person come to this section of South Carolina and see for himself whether unprincipled scoundrels have not misrepresented the people to the President. Let him traverse the nine counties and point out a single insurrectionary band or a single individual who has resisted the officers of the law, and I will take back all I have written and justify the proclamation of martial law. What it may be to-morrow or next week I know not. How far the relatives of those men who have been dragged from their homes and put into prison may go no one can tell. I only know that to-day politics are at the bottom of this whole business, and that it looks as if designing men had, by means of the most damnable lies, induced President Grant to aid them in a devilish design to provoke the South into another attempt at revolution.

A WHALING FLEET DESTROYED BY ICE. The Steamer Moses Taylor, at San Francisco from Honolulu, reports a terrible disastar to the Arctic whaling fleet by which thirty-three vessels were caught in the ice and crushed or abandoned. Whalers arrived at Honolulu furnished the following details: The ice opened about the first of June and the fleet worked northward finding some whales, but having much trouble with ice. Reaching Flower Bay, the whales had passed through into the Arctic Ocean, whether the fleet followed, meeting with fair success until the first of September, when ice floes and bergs began drifting down, and by the 10th a number of vessels had been sunk and most of the remainder were driven ashore. The brig Comet, the Roman, and the Florida and Victoria of San Francisco were crushed like eggshells, the crews barely escaping. Sept. 13th, the Captains of the fleet hemmed in between Point Belcher and Wainwright inlet, held a meeting and resolved to abandon the vessels to save life, and the 1200 sailors took refuge on the few vessels which had got clear.

The news created the greatest excitement at Honolulu and San Francisco. Nearly all the officers and many of the men came to San Francisco on the steamer. The bark Comet will bring what she can and the Consul at Honolulu is negotiating for a vessel to take the rest of the party.

No deaths are reposted in the fleet. The loss is estimated at half a million exclusive of cargoes.

A lady in this city in the year 1844 had a hired girl who left her employ, taking a wallet containing between three and four hundred dollars with her. After she left the city no one in these parts ever heard from her until last week, when she came back, hunted up the loser and returned the amount. She was a Catholic, and for several years after committing the theft refrained from attending the confessional. When she did, the Bishop advised that she should restore the money. When she had accumulated the requisite amount, she consulted her adviser who corresponded with Bishop Bacon, and found that the lady was a widow, and lost nearly everything by the great fire. She returned and made herself known and was freely forgiven. After having thus closed the account, as the loser supposed, she drew her pocket-book and repaid the sum. Portland Transcript.

A rapid young lady, who, it is said, belongs to "one of the first families" in Flushing, N. Y., amused herself on Sunday evening by masquerading in masculine habiliments and making calls of an amatory nature upon other young ladies of the local upper tens. It would seem to be so customary a thing in Flushing for the daughters of the "first families" to receive evening visits from perfect strangers, and to have ardent attentions paid them on a first interview, that the fair intruder's fun was not interrupted until she had visited several houses without an introduction and made ferocious love to their occupants.

General Grant has issued a supplemental Ku-Klux proclamation. It appears that he made a mistake as to a certain county in South Carolina. This county is now released, and the pains and penalties transferred to an adjoining one, where "reliable contrabands" report most horrible doings. So that the writ of habeas corpus is suspended somewhere in the South, the President is satisfied. Daniel O'Connel used to tell a story of being once engaged to defend a man in Dublin, charged with committing an assault and battery upon one of the King's officials. The defense was so clear, that the judge plainly intimated to the jury that a verdict of not guilty should be rendered. They, however found the prisoner guilty, and declared that if he had not struck the King's officer, he had spoken against his Majesty, and that was enough for them. We are afraid the white men of South Carolina have spoken against his Majesty.

The Medlicott Murder Trial in Kansas.

The jury in the case of Dr. Medlicott, after being out from half-past nine o'clock on Wednesday night until half-past eight o'clock on Thursday morning of last week, returned a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree. The jury could not consistently have found a verdict for any lesser degree under the circumstances, as the laws of Kansas make killing by poison murder. One juror stated that he was in favor of murder in the second degree, but yielded to the opinions of the other twelve. A motion for a new trial was made, as it will probably not be granted by Judge Bassett the case will go to the Supreme Court. A large number of exceptions were taken to the rulings of the court during the progress of the trial, and it is not improbable that some of these rulings may be decided to have been erroneous. For instance, there was one rather curious piece of testimony. Johnson, the cell mate of Medlicott, was not allowed to state what Medlicott said in his sleep, but was permitted to state what he told Medlicot he had said in his sleep. These somnambulic revelations had doubtless, their full influence upon the minds of the jurors. There are other points upon which the counsel for the defence confidently expect to obtain from the Supreme Court a reversal of the judgment.

The case taken in all its details is one of the most singular and interesting in the annals of criminal jurisprudence. A brief epitome of the leading facts connected with it may not be uninteresting.

Isaac M. Ruth had married, as his second wife, the divorced wife of Mr. Seymour Voullaire, of this city, at a time when Voullaire was supposed to be in a dying condition from a pistol ball fired by Ruth. Several months afterward Ruth and his wife removed to Lawrence, Kansas, where Ruth had resided before the war. Ruth obtained a situation as bookkeeper in the office of the Lawrence Tribune, and was a quiet, industrious man of business.

About the same time a young physician, named John J. Medlicott located at Lawrence and commenced the practice of his profession. He was about thirty years of age, well educated, of good address, manners and appearance. His wife was about twenty years his senior—a quiet, patient, unassuming woman. He had married her in Maryland against the remonstrance of her friends, who believed that her little fortune of five or six thousand dollars had more to do with Medlicott's choice than affection for the woman. The young physician obtained a fair practice and was a member of the Episcopal Church.

Medlicott became the family physician of Ruth, and his account book produced in court, showed that he made no charge for his services, although his visits were as frequent as twice a day. Indeed, so frequent were his visits to Mrs. Ruth, and so uniformily were the doors locked and the curtains drawn, that the neighbors gossiped about it, and surmised that there was a criminal intimacy between the parties.

In December last Medlicott's wife died very suddenly, and it is remarkable that her symptoms strongly resembled those of Ruth at his death, four months later. Dark hints were thrown out at the time, but little was said, and the body was interred at Lawrence. The cause of her death was stated to be apoplexy, but a physician who was there at the time declares that no symptoms of apoplexy were observable. In the memorandum book in which Ruth wrote his last letter is a pencilled note of the death of Mrs. Medlicott, from which he wrote her obituary in the newspaper, and it is there stated that she died of apoplexy. There can be no doubt that Medlicott himself furnished the dates and cause of death to Ruth.

On the 26th of April, in the afternoon, Mrs. Ruth went to Levenworth on a visit. That night Ruth and Medlicott played three games of chess at the house of the former, and they parted between nine and ten o'clock. The next morning Ruth was found dead in his bed, with froth and blood oozing from his mouth. Of course the family physician was the first person sent for, and his conduct in the presence of death excited remark.

The strongest feature of the whole case is the letter written by Ruth to his wife, *just before he died, informing her that* Medlicott had given him a quinine powder half an hour before, and requested her in case of his death to have his body examined. In this letter he describes his symptoms with some minuteness, and states that the clock had just struck eleven. The memorandum book was found lying on his coat, on the piano, with his vest and pants lying on it. The question will at once arise, why did he not call to his assistance the physician who slept next door within a few feet of his room? By doing so he might have save his life. He, however, strange as it may appear, spent the last moments of consciousness in writing a letter which, on the trial, was the most convincing evidence that he was murdered.

As soon as the letter was discovered Medlicott was arrested and lodged in jail. He immediately sent for a lawyer, and the result of the conference was that the lawyer had Mrs. Ruth taken to his own house immediately on her return from Leavenworth, and before she had seen the corpse of her husband. What transpired between the lawyer and the lady has not been revealed, but the prisoner subsequently stated that the lawyer assurnim "there was no danger."

In the cell in which Medlicott was confined was a young man named Henry Johnson, alias Sperry, the same man who was fined in the United States Circuit Court in this city about a year ago for defrauding the revenue department. Johnson was imprisoned on a charge of larceny. He became satisfied of Medlicott's guilt from hearing him talk in his sleep. The spirits of the dead haunted him in his dreams. The apparition of his wife hovered over him in his midnight slumbers, and he started up with glaring eyeballs and exclaimed, "O, God, Sarah! are you here?" The dying agonies of Ruth were re-enacted in his dreamy imagination, and he would smooth the drapery of his couch and say, "Be quiet, Ruth! Take this, and it will do you good!"

Johnson, who is described as a professional burglar in appearance, conceived the idea of winning his own freedom by obtaining satisfactory evidences of the guilt of his fellow prisoner. He succeeded in getting Medlicott's confidence, and in obtaining from him letters that are a virtual confession of guilt. One of these letters was a glowing lovesick epistle to Mrs. Ruth, written, as he stated on the stand, to change the current of her feelings against him. To understand this expression it is necessary to know that the newspapers had published a report that Mrs. Ruth had vowed vengeance against the murderer of her husband, and sworn his children over his coffined corpse to avenge his death. These fearful threats explain why Medlicott was so anxious to pacify her—why he wrote in one of these intercepted letters that he "could not go to trial without knowing what this woman will swear to."

The analysis of the contents of the stomach by chemists showed that Ruth had died of morphine poison, and from a subsequent examination of another portion of the body discovered the presence of atropine, as testified by the chemist. The body of Mrs. Medlicott was also exhumed and it is said that these two poisons were discovered. It appears that the mixture of these two poisons will have the effect of preventing the usual post-mortem appearances produced by either, although the one is frequently used as an antidote for the other.

These and numerous minor facts and circumstances were carefully gathered by the prosecuting attorney, and on the trial were presented to the jury in such a clear and forcible manner that no doubt remained of the guilt of the accused, and the verdict was "murder in the first degree."

The defence attempted to account for the death of Ruth on three theories—first, that he died from the effects of the quinine, taken in the worst stage of congestive chill; second, that he took morphine by mistake for quinine; third, that he committed suicide and wrote the dying letter to save his life insurance policy. In support of the first theory they proved by several respectable physicians that quinine sometimes kill when injudiciously administered. In support of the second theory, that morphine was taken by mistake, it was shown that both quinine and morphine were in the room, in boxes resembling each other, and it was easy for one to be mistaken for the other. The theory of suicide was sustained by ingenious facts and arguments.

The trial was, as before remarked, an exceedingly interesting one, and presented features entirely new in the annals of criminal trials.

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☞ In sending money, state THE POST OFFICE to which the paper is sent. ☜

Buying and Selling of Votes.

Every thoughtful an conscientious man who has had occasion to know the influences which are used to control votes at the elections must have been startled at the number of men who deliberately and corruptly barter away that which should be the most sacred right of a freeman. In spite of enactments and penalties, the practice has grown till it casts a baneful shadow over the whole system of elections whether for representative in Legislature or Congress, whether Governor or President, it has come to such a complexion that in many cases the longest purse wins. We are glad to notice that this evil is attracting attention in other localities, and trust that the time is not far distant when the practice here in Maine may become as disreputable as theft, and the penalty much more severe than now provided.

One of the ablest of our exchanges, the Concord Patriot, has a forcible article on this subject. It says that the Democratic State Committee of New Jersey recently adopted a preamble and resolution, reciting that "the use of money at elections has become so flagrant and undisguised as to create a doubt as to the duration of our republican form of government, and a fear that the practice, if continued, will eventually lead to the establishment of a monied oligarchy in its stead," and urging all their local committees and the citizens at large to exercise the greatest vigilance in the detection and punishment of any violation of the rigid State law upon the subject. The Governor of that State has also called public attention to this matter in a proclamation in which he offers a reward of $100, for the arrest and conviction of any one violating the laws against bribery at elections.

It is evident to all that the corrupt use of money in elections has become an alarming evil, and a rapidly growing one also. It is plain that when the suffrages of the people can be bought, there is an end of popular government; brains and principle cease to rule and money becomes the governing power. And it is painful to see that we are rapidly approaching that condition. All intelligent men know that a free, honest, untrammeled exercise of the right of suffrage is the essential element and means of self-government, and the fundamental principle of republican institutions. Without that there is no free government, no rule of the people, no management of public affairs for the good of the people. The right of suffrage is not a purchasable commodity, but a sacred trust to be exercised for the benefit of the voter and the best interest of the public; and when it is not so used, it is a dangerous power and a perpetual menace to the freedom and prosperity of the community.

Now it is a sad truth that in many States elections have come to be habitually controlled by money—carried by the winning side by bribery and corruption. In many cases, voters are brought at the polls as freely and almost as openly as sheep and cattle in the market. And the same is true of party nominations. In conventions in this and other States, men have been known to cause it to be announced that, if nominated for the positions they sought, they were ready to expend certain sums of money to secure their elections, and the consequence has been that they have gathered around them persons who, in order to have the handling of the proffered funds, set to work to create a false public opinion and to manipulate the primary meetings in the interest of their liberal patrons. The effect of this is to drive every man of moderate means from the political arena. Let his talents and innate honesty be ever so great, he cannot enter the field with any chance of success. He must stand back, and give way to the power of money, in the hands of men who, in nine cases out of ten, are far inferior to him in what should constitute a faithful and honest representative of the people. Thus money and audacious knavery take the place and exert the power in the management of public affairs which should pertain alone to honest merit, integrity and brains.

We could cite many cases in illustration of these remarks; and although the Democracy in some localities may not be wholly without blame in this behalf, we are bold to say that this sort of management has become the rule with the Radicals while with the Democracy it is the exception. Money is the chief reliance of the Radical leaders for success in elections; its corrupt use is constantly resorted to, and to that, more than all else have they owed their long lease of power in this and many other States. By this means alone they carried the election in California, and to this alone is due their recent triumph in Pennsylvania. By this means they hope for success in New Jersey, where they nominated a man for Governor solely because he was willing to furnish a large sum of money to buy his election. And, to bring the matter nearer home, it is by the corrupt use of money, either in the shape of direct bribery, or the scarcely less criminal employment of the patronage of the general government, that they hope to regain power in New Hampshire next March.

It is time to put an effectual check on this nefarious and dangerous practice, and this can be done only by the people themselves. Our laws are stringent enough against this great moral and political wrong, and all honest citizens who have due regard for the blessings of a free government, should unite in vigilant efforts for their enforcement. If all such will take hold of the matter in earnest, and deal with it in the way it deserves, there is no doubt but it will be put an end to, and they will gain a victory over the most dangerous and insidious enemy that political liberty has ever had to contend with. No man or party ought to succeed when success is sought by this means. No man who secures a nomination by corrupt means, is worthy of the support of the honest men of his party; and no candidate, however fairly nominated, who seeks to secure his election by a corrupt use of money, is fit for public position and power. The only practice consistent with the theory of free government or with the safety of popular rights and interests, is for candidates for political preferment to come before the people upon their own merits and the merits of their parties, and depend for success upon the honest judgment of a majority of legal voters. This is the Democratic theory, and it is our duty to insist that this rule shall be rigidly enforced.

Martial Law in the South.

Could one of the framers of the constitution of the United States have been permitted a correct vision of the future as far as this day, and beheld in a large portion of one of the States of the Union the great and sacred privileges of the writ of habeas corpus suspended; soldiers hunting the district over in search of proscribed men; the prisons crowded with unhappy victims, and thousands, guilty of no crime, flying from the terror of martial law and irresponsible military rule—could such a vision, we say, have been presented, would not the patriot have lain down his pen and bowed his head in tears over the unpromising future? The condition of those unhappy people can never be appreciated at the north, until the military arm is stretched, grasping the sword over this region, and we bitterly learn what martial law means. And even then we should fail to realize all its horrors. We are not afflicted with the race of carpet-baggers, leaving their country for their country's good, and preying on the unfortunate region in which they locate. These domestic disturbances are the opportunities of rascals, and have been from all time. When the pot boils, the scum comes to the surface. Out of the festering corruptions will grow new crops of Titus Oatses, ready to swear accusations against any and all men, where swearing may be made profitable. The Bloody Assizes and the judicial murders of Jeffries spring as naturally from such a condition of things as rank and noxious weeds crown the festering heap of garbage and offal.

We call special attention to the letter which we publish to-day from the New York Herald, a paper which has supported the administration from the outset. The writer relates his personal interviews with every one who could be supposed to know officially of the existence of resistance to the laws. He applied to prosecuting officers, military commandant, and every body else who could be reached, and not one of them could point to a single case of resistance to the laws—not one. The conclusion is forced upon us that this extreme measure is taken for some object that does not appear upon the surface, and that the political future of the President is expected to be secured by this crusade with military power into a peaceful district of the South.

It is contrary to human nature, philosophy and experience that men should change so suddenly and violently as to be peaceable and law abiding citizens at one time, and shortly afterwards conspirators and rebels, without an adequate cause. Fortunately we have the testimony of the President to the condition of the South in 1865, when he was sent on a tour of inspection through the states lately in rebellion. His report to President Andrew Johnson, in December, 1865, says—

> I am satisfied that the mass of thinking men of the South accept the present situation of affairs in good faith. The questions which have heretofore divided the sentiments of the people of the two sections—slavery and States rights, or the right of a State to secede from the Union—they regard as having been settled forever by the highest tribunal—arms—that man can resort to. I was pleased to learn from the leading men whom I met, that they not only accepted the decision arrived at as final, but, now that the smoke of battle has cleared away and time has been given for reflection, that this decision has been a fortunate one for the whole country, they receiving like benefits from it with those who opposed them in the field and in council.
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> My observations lead me to the conclusion that the citizens of the Southern States are anxious to return to self-government within the Union as soon as possible; that while reconstructing, they want and require protection from the Government; that they are in earnest in wishing to do what they think is required by the Government, not humiliating to them as citizens, and that if such a course was pointed out they would pursue it in good faith. It is to be regretted that there cannot be a greater commingling at this time between the citizens of the two sections, and particularly of those intrusted with the law-making power.
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> In some instances, I am sorry to say, the freedman's mind does not seem to be disabused of the idea that a freedman has the right to live without care or provision for the future. The effect of the belief in division of lands is idleness and accumulation in camps, towns and cities. In such cases I think it will be found that vice and disease will tend to the extermination, or great reduction of the colored race.

Now we appeal from U. S. Grant, the President, drunk with power and fulsome adulation, and a candidate for re-election, to U. S. Grant, a General of the army, who simply and soberly performed a soldier's duty in reporting the submissive and loyal condition of the southern people—a people that he now dooms to unquestioned imprisonment, and sends an army to govern.

West Virginia.

West Virginia has held a state election for a Legislature and members of a Constitutional Convention. Nothing is said of the result by the telegraph. It proves to be a sweeping Democratic victory. Had the radicals saved even a fraction of their recent strength as a party in that state, the despatches would have filled the papers, every day for the last week or two. As is is, not a word by telegraph—that instrument being indisposed to tell any more than it can help that is unfavorable to the radical party. The Parkersburg (W. V.) Times says—

"From almost all parts of the State the news of the last election results are depressing to the Republicans. Ohio, Berkeley, Harrison, Doodridge, Wirt, and even Kanawha counties, it is reported, gave Democratic majorities. That the counties in the more southern part of the State have gone the same way there is not in the least cause for doubt left. This is the most signal Democratic victory, and a crushing Republican defeat."

The Congressional Apportiontment.

The Chicago Tribune calls attention to the act of 1850, as amended in 1862, providing for a reapportionment of the House of Representatives among the States as soon as possible after each census shall be taken. By this act it is made the duty of the Secretary of the Interior, without waiting for any action of Congress to ascertain the aggregate representative population of the United States. This is to be divided by the number 241, and the quotient will be the ratio of representation; and any deficiency in the number is to be made up by assigning additional members to the States having the largest fractions of population after such division.

If Congress makes no provision for a change in the apportionment early in the next session, it will, therefore, be the duty of the Secretary of the Interior to proceed under the amended law of 1862. The number of Congressmen in that case will be two hundred and forty-one. The present Congress has two hundred and forty-three members, on account of the admission of Nebraska and Nevada after the apportionment of 1862 was made.

By dividing the number of people in each State by the ratio thus found, neglecting remainders, 226 Congressmen are assigned to the several States, and fifteen remain to be awarded to the largest fractions. These will belong to California, Indiana, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Minnesota, Missouri, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Tennessee, Virginia, West Virginia and Wisconsin. By this means Indiana, Louisiana, Maryland, North Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia and West Virginia are barely saved from a loss in their representation. The States which lose representatives are New York, three; Ohio and Pennsylvania, two each; Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Vermont, Connecticut and Kentucky, one each. Illinois, and Missouri will gain two each; Iowa, Kansas, Michigan, Minnesota, New Jersey, Texas and Wisconsin one each.

Much opposition is made to increasing the number of Congressmen, because the House is already as large as can do business efficiently. But the fact that all the New England States, New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio, comprising all the northeastern States, except New Jersey, will, under the present plan, lose members may possibly influence Congress to provide for a reapportionment early in December. In order to prevent any loss to any of the States, it will be necessary to increase the number of Congressmen to about two hundred and eighty.

Death of an Old Lawyer.

Jonathan Morgan, of Portland, the oldest member of the Cumberland Bar, was found dead in his room on Wednesday last. He was born in Brimfield, Mass., March 4th, 1778, being consequently almost 94 years old. He graduated at Union College in 1803 and came to Maine in 1812. He had resided in Portland since 1820. He was at work for years endeavoring to produce a perpetual motion machine, and claimed to have been the first inventor of steamboats, having built a small steamboat in 1811 which ran at the rate of four miles per hour. In 1800 he published an English Grammar and revised it in 1814. He also published a medical treatise of sixty pages. About a year ago he appeared before the Municipal Court of Portland, and managed a cause in which he was a party.

—The editor of the Waterville Mail thinks the President smokes too much in public, and says—

> A bad example is never so bad as when set by a good man; and our President, while excused for sharing a too common frailty, should not permit himself to puff it vauntingly in the face of good manners,—lest that which sensible men know to be folly become "philosophy" in the eyes of the simple.

Now what does the Mail think of a President that permits himself to receive innumerable and costly presents from those subsequently appointed to office? Doesn't it smell a good deal worse than tobacco smoke?

—Boston, Nov. 3. Charles H. Ward, of the late banking firm of Mellen, Ward & Co., sentenced to three years' imprisonment in June, 1870, for embezzling government funds, was today released on pardon of President Grant.

He must be one of the nation's Wards. Let him be Granted another office, and a chance at the treasury again.

—The Portland Advertiser thus records the fate of a local Barnum—

> The Circassian girl came to town again last night, but the driver of the caravan got drunk, upset the team and spilled Circassian girl, bears, snakes, birds and himself. The show is now exhibited at the police office.

—Judge Goddard having retired from the bench of the Superior Court for Cumberland, the bar have given him a dinner at the Falmouth Hotel, so he will start in the Post office business with a full stomach.

—The only man in Indiana who writes "M. C." at both ends of his name is Hon. M. C. Kerr, Member of Congress from the Second District.

There are a good many curs there who ought not to have the letters at either end.

—Turkeys are making their wills. [Whig.

Yes, and we hope to have one of the testators on our table by and by, along with other 'taters.

—Any shortcomings in the Journal this week may be attributed to the absence of the editor, and uncommon excellencies to the same source.

—The Catacazy and Fish disagreement at Washington endures yet. The papers of that locality call it the Cat-Fish difficulty.

The Horton Case.

Gen. Butler has appealed to the Secretary of the Treasury to issue the papers to the schooner E. A. Horton, retaken from the Canadian authorities about a month since, on the ground that the recapture does not involve an international controversy, and cites the case of a British vessel taken possession of by the United States Marshal of Massachusetts, at Boston several years since, and which escaped from custody, carrying the keeper to a Canadian port and there furnishing him means to return to Boston. The only notice taken of it was to notify Collectors of Customs to detain the vessel at any of our ports at which she might appear, until the penalties incurred had been paid. The Secretary of the Treasury refuses to issue the papers until he is satisfied it will not be the subject of international controversy.

Another Little Irregularity.

The Commissioner of pensions, having investigated the case of Col. Forbes, Pension Agent at Philadelphia, reports a clear defalcation of $32,000 without the slightest mitigating circumstances. General Silas Casey and Forbes's other bondsmen will probably make up the money to the government without delay. Forbes's successor will be appointed at once. General Baker is carefully examining the bonds of pension officers throughout the country, and proposes to ascertain their complete integrity.

Letter From Boston.

Correspondence of the Journal.

BOSTON, Nov. 6, 1871.

A STREET PAGEANT.

Lively, gay, glittering, gorgeous and dazzling enough was Washington street on all the earlier days of last week. The two weeks preceding had been filled with mournful, misty skies, muddy pavements, and chilling, disagreeable east winds; but on Monday, Old Sol just took matters into his own hands, resolved to present a more cheerful aspect upon the face of all things material, and right royally he succeeded in his undertaking. Through all the day a brilliant blue sky, dashed with clouds of fleecy white, bent above the towering piles of brick and mortar, and the leafless trees; whilst round the glittering spires, over the gleaming roofs and through the lazily swaying branches, danced gleefully the jubilant sunbeams; flashed round projecting corners; tucked itself away in all sorts of cozy, comfortable places; laughed in merriest joy at the passers by; crept audaciously over nodding plumes and brilliant flowers, and kissed blushing cheeks and pouting lips in all the warmth and tenderness of passion. And then, the sunbeams went saucily straying adown the shining, embroidered velvet sacks, round and over the lustrous silken robes, right in amidst pretty, restless feet; next tripped jauntily across pavements, leaped over the backs of the sleek, shiny horses, poised themselves a moment on the glittering gold and silver of the harnesses, wandered over the polished tops of the stately carriages, peeped in through the silken draped windows at the warm rugs and soft cushioned seats; thence, as if in utmost impatience of long delays, dashed through the gleaming plate glass windows, and caught up the bright pinks and purples, wonderful greens, flaming scarlets and charming blues, and wove them in a gossamer-like web of as many blended colors as Joseph's famous but fatal coat. And through all the serenely sunny hours Washington street was a moving panorama. The costly equipages of fortune's favorites; huge lumbering truck teams; hurrying express wagons; rattling coaches; and accommodating horse-cars—luxurious splendor and squalid poverty side by side; and occassionally above the din of rolling wheels, tramping feet, and chattering voices, the pitifully appealing strains of some unhappy organ grinder. Lying lazily back in the depths of her carriage cushions, "La Marquise," or "Maud," perhaps with her face that is "dead perfection" and nothing more; just an occasional quiver ot the proud nostrils, a compression ot the dainty lips, or a slow lifting of the long lashes from the round, pearly cheek, languidly dropped in a moment more, as if in all the wide weary world there was not a sound or sight worth noting; not a hint or suspicion of a heart anywhere beneath the perfectly fitting bodice; and crossed idly, in all composure, the jewelled hands. Not far away, just round the adjacent corner, the traditional apple woman garrulously vending her little stock. "Two cents apiece" announces a small square of paste board, which you afterwards learn means the small, gnarled apples in the background and not the plump and juicy articles which you have selected from the front ot the huge heap, which you are confidently assured can't be parted with for less than three shining pieces of nickel. Talk about Yankee tricks after that, when this woman is merely German, French Dutch, Scotch, Irish or something else, not American or Yankee. But the face that looks out from under the thick wadded hood, worn in hottest summer, as well as coldest winter days, is so stupidly unconscious of any intended deception that one straightway pockets the imposition along with the returning change, counted out by the long, bony fingers, and walks away more amused than indignant. Thus the scenes shifted, changed, attracted and repelled, dazzled and pained. Sometimes the gilded trappings of ease and splendor, anon the galling bands of crime and poverty; first pride and pomp, and princely possessions; then sorrow and sin and suffering; a gay lady of fashion, then the meek, merciful sister of charity; the keen, busy, maneuvring politician, and by and by the hard worked man of literary labors; next a Shylock, long, lank, lean and avaricious, and presently some patient, plodding, honest toiler of the masses—such a strange, motley throng, and surging up and down, up and down the long spacious avenue, all the busy day, and far into the hours of night, never stopping, never tiring, never diminishing.

VARIOUS ITEMS.

Boston critics have given Mrs. Moulton a successful place among the prima donnas.

Edwin Booth is to remain yet another week at the "Boston" winning honors and money.

Heavy coils, or braids passing around a French twist, with long drooping side curls, is now the pronounced style for doing the back hair.

The most fashionable morning dresses have long plain skirts of silk or wool, and a much panniered polonaise of the Bernice pattern in plain grounds, covered with brilliant clusters of vines and flowers.

Velvet polonaise cut after the style known as Maguerite, is the jauntiest, most desirable and most worn outside garment.

Mrs. Livermore and Gen. Hall are pronounced a "perfect match" on the Woman's Suffrage question.

The library of Prescott, the blind historian, was sold at auction last week. Longfellow, Lowell and other distinguished literary men being the principal buyers.

PERCIE.

On Friday last, while some men at the torpedo station were at work inside old Fort Wolcott, in Newport harbor, the wheel of their cart sank deep into the ground. Removing some of the earth to find a cause for this, one of the men struck his spade against what seem to be iron plate. This excited the curiosity of all and they sat to work with a will to dig away the earth above the plate. Soon their efforts were rewarded by the sight of an iron door, fastened with a rusty bolt. On breaking this open, they came upon a flight of winding stairs, which they descended, and arriving at the foot, they found themselves in a dungeon whose gloom was made more marked by the ray of dim light which a solitary loophole at the top admitted. Striking a light to dispel the darkness of the dungeon they found upon the floor a few withered bones, a skull and a lantern. The lantern is ot such an old-fashioned construction and shape that it must have been made over fifty years ago. It was altogether a most singular discovery. Who can tell the deeds which this secret old dungeon may not have witnessed? Who can supply a history for these few dry bones, now brought to light after the lapse of years?

The Interests of New England.

There is observable, we think, a very decided tendency among leading republicans and influential newspapers of that party to question the justice and policy of some measures that have hitherto been classed among the most important and indispensable of their distinctive principles. The enormously high tariff, which the New York Evening Post and its republican cotemporaries of the west have never ceased to combat, is being more than doubted by other papers of weight, and some of them in New England. The commercial interest of the east, which is done to death by the strangulation of the tariff, is likely to be more kindly considered, by the awakened sense of justice which has been born of discussion. The Springfield Republican, one of the ablest party organs in New England, reviews both these subjects in a recent article, and in a tone which the organs of the administration here in Maine might adopt with advantage. The Republican says—

> No one can have watched with any care the organs of public opinion in New England for the past four years without observing a decided change of tone in relation to the tariff. The latest and most notable indication in this direction is the resolution passed at Worcester by the Republican convention denouncing the navigation law, which makes it impossible to build them. The resolutions of political conventions are not ordinarily of any great consequence, but this is not, except as indicating the strong desire of Boston to regain her ocean traffic, and the fact that she has found the navigation law and tariff obstacles in her way. The shipbuilders of Maine, also, have repeatedly petitioned Congress for drawback of duties on ship's materials, though they, as shipbuilders, have naturally a less desire for the repeal of the navigation law. Several causes have powerfully contributed to modify opinion in New England, and to make her begin to swing round again toward her old and cherished hostility to commercial restrictions of all kinds.
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> Of these causes, the first is, undoubtedly, this shipping business. England, in Cromwell's time, and again in 1660, passed navigation laws designed to secure to herself the building of all her ships and their navigation by English seamen; and a system of registry was devised by which ships not wholly built and owned by British subjects, and of which the captain and three-fourths of the crew were not English, were practically excluded from British and colonial ports. These laws were all repealed by the Parliament of 1850; but our first and second Congress under the constitution, and again Congress in 1816, borrowed from these English acts their most stringent provisions, which are still in force. Only American built ships can legally engage in our coastwise and inland trade; and the privileges of registry as American ships for ocean traffic are denied to all bottoms not native built. As this has been a shipbuilding country, and as our people, till lately, could build ships as cheaply as anybody, this law was no great grievance until since the war. While the rebel cruisers were roaming the seas, and burning and bonding our ships, many shipowners took occasion to sell their ships to foreigners, whose law, unlike ours, allows them to buy ships wherever they can get them the cheapest. Our people sold more ships in four years' time than in the previous forty years. More than 800,000 tons of American bottoms went thus into the hands of foreigners. But when the war was over, and business began to revive again, our would-be-ship-owners discovered the existence of this navigation law! They could sell ships, but they could not buy them back! What to do? Let us build them, then. But the high prices of all materals, the loss of five years' time in experience and inventions, and the change of style from wooden to iron ships, made building with a profit impossible. The last ship built on the Mystic at Medford lost her builder $30,000 clean. And so the ocean battle has gone against us. In 1860, two thirds of all foreign commerce was borne on our own ships; in 1870, less than one-third; and of 133 steamers regularly plying between the ports of the United States and Europe, not a single one bears the American flag. This state of things has stirred up the boards of trade, and has had some influence in modifying opinion.
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> In the second place, the coal duty has always been an abomination in New England.

Local Items, &c.

News of the County and City.

The lecture of this week, on Friday evening, will be by Hon. William Parsons, who, it will be remembered, gave one of the most interesting of our course of last winter. His subject will be "Paris before and after the Siege." He was an eye-witness of the condition of the gay capital during the Prussian occupation, as well as familiar with its beauties and attractions before the devastations. These he describes in his delicious manner. It will be remembered that tickets have been reduced to $2.00 for the course, and 75 cents for single admission.

Judge Kent doesn't look with favor upon full beards. Having a mustached and mumbling witness on the stand last week, he took occasion to attribute much of the prevalent indistinctness of speech to "the abominable practice of wearing hair on the upper lip." There are a great many ladies who agree with the learned judge, and set their faces against them constantly.

REMARKABLE FAMILIES. A correspondent sends us the following list of the Pease and Wentworth families in Burnham, who has intermarried, as showing lists of men and women remarkable as much for coincidence of ages, as for unbroken family chains. The writer thinks it can't be beaten in the State—

Names.	Age.	Names.	Age.
Joseph Pease	[illegible]	Leonard Wentworth	79
James "	72	Weightstill "	72
John "	70	Alden "	70
Jethro "	68	Ward "	68
Henry "	65	Richmond "	67
Lydia "	64	Lucy (Mrs. Pease)	65
Alonzo "	61	James "	63
Mary "	59	Lovinia "	61
Abagail "	58	Mark "	58
Elizabeth "	55	Nancy "	55
Samuel "	52	Hiram "	55
		Morgan "	52
United ages	700	United ages	764

The Metropolitan Theatrical Company under the management of Mr. J. C. Myers the popular actor and manager, will give an entertainment at Mayford Hall on Saturday evening. The company is favorably spoken of wherever they performed and we bespeak them a full house here.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Chase make a fine display in their windows of rich and elegant winter goods which they have just bought in St. John, Boston and New York. They have a large and elegant stock of dress goods which they say is not only the best but the cheapest ever offered in this city.

Some car loads of slate from the quarry at Clinton, owned by Belfast men, have been brought to this city. The material is very handsome and of first quality for use. It is believed that these specimens are the pioneers of what will be a large business.

SPONGE CAKE. Capt. Fogler gave the Guards a little air and exercise about the streets on Friday.....The depot is now lighted by gas, inside and out.....The boys that riotously assemble about the depot at evening, ought to be suppressed.....On Thursday Judge Dickerson adjourned his court at Augusta over to Monday and came home, because the lawyers had no case ready.....Hancock, who was tried last week on the charge of firing a barn, lost an arm in the war, and he tried to persuade Mac to read to the jury David Barker's poem on "The Empty Sleeve—but he wouldn't.....The Universalist Society at Stockton is without a pastor.....'How much is your pig going to weigh?' is the seasonable question.....Smelt fishing is lively above the bridges, and is sometimes coincident with the breaking of the Sabbath.....Ice strong enough for boys to skate upon formed last Sunday.....Look out for the great shooting of stars on the night of the 13th .....The northern lights begin to stream up on cool nights.....Did anybody have cold fingers last Saturday?.....The steamboat trips were a little disarranged by the weather last week.....The plaintiff in the Burnham doctor case don't think the jury was so beFogged as it might have been.....The time of year for going barefoot is not now.....The railroad track is being protected from snow drifts by fences built in exposed places.....The recent rough and cold northwest wind blew five days without stopping to take breath.....The weather of the past week has been of the kind that makes a man look at a big wood pile on his premises with great satisfaction.....A gentleman living on Church street was much surprised at receiving three barrels of flour which the cartman insisted belonged to him, and which was marked accordingly. It subsequently proved to belong to another White—one who goes down to the sea in ships.....The muck road was frozen over and have skating thereon Nov. 6—a fact without precedent.....Wm. Knowlton is back in the mail car, as good as new.....McGilvery is to build two schooners, and F. Carter a brig and a schooner next season.....Mr. Brown has opened his new hotel at Burnham; see advertisement.....Jerry Wilbur's Dancing School commences on the 28th.....Get ready to shake a leg.....The first snow fell on Wednesday, it looked natural.

A Leading Mormon on Affairs in Utah.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 3.

Mr. Hooper, the delegate to Congress from Utah, has been in town to-day, but has not seen the President, and probably will not during his visit unless by special invitation. He is on private business and returns in a day or two to Salt Lake City. His views of the recent events and present situation at the Mormon capital are very positive and frankly expressed. The spirit of prosecution is purely malicious, he says, and the results in the civil cases, he believes, will be declared illegal and revised by the Supreme Court of the United States, to which an appeal has been taken from the verdict of the criminal court, rendered. Mr. Hooper warmly declares, by packed juries. There is no appeal and no present prospect of escape from their penalties. He says there is no danger whatever of an outbreak between the Mormons and Gentiles; and that if the peace is broken by disorderly individuals on either side the Mormons will be the first to secure the offenders and turn them over to the civil authorities. They are firmly resolved to avoid any resort to arms or any occasion for the interference of the United States forces. Mr. Hooper declares that there is still less probability that the Mormons will desert the great Salt Lake and emigrate to the British possessions or to the Mexican territory. No sane man in Utah, he says, would entertain such an idea for a moment. Brigham Young's journey to the southern part of the Territory is in fulfilment of a plan which he formed several months since; and as his trial has been postponed until March, he will probably remain near St. George until spring. Mr. Hooper represents business as very much depressed in Salt Lake City in consequence of the recent troubles and the withdrawal of credit to a great extent by eastern merchants. A firm in Philadelphia, continues to forward as fast as completed a lot of machinery valued at $75,000 for the Mormon cotton mill now building at Provo. Mr. Hooper does not seem on the whole to entertain much doubt that the government will deal justly by the Latter Day Saints, and not any as to the strength and perpetuity of their faith and peculiar institutions, except polygamy, which he regards as doomed to an early and natural death it suffered to expire quietly. He looks for the admission of Utah to the Union and consequent self-government as the only proper and adequate adjustment of the Mormon problem.

Terrible Boiler Explosion.

CINCINNATI, O., 4. A terrible boiler explosion took place at Portsmouth, this morning, the boiler of the mail train locomotive bursting at the depot, blowing George Valkner, the engineer, fifty feet into the air, his mangled corpse falling two hundred yards distant; also instantly killing Adam Schilling the fireman, blowing the top of his head off, and injuring Henry Burt and Adam Wamsler. Fragments of the boiler were blown several squares and fell through the roofs of houses, and the front end of the boiler was buried in the rear end of an express car. The boiler was 20 years old, had just been patched, and was considered bad. The depot was badly wrecked. But few persons were at the station, or the loss of life would have been greater.

THE ELECTIONS!

By Telegraph to the Journal.

BOSTON, Nov. 8, 1871.

NEW YORK

elects the Republican state ticket by over twenty-five thousand majority, and carries the Legislature.

The World says—"But for the Tammany scandal there is no doubt the Democratic party would have shown handsome gains in New York."

The Sun says—"That it is not a party victory—but the overthrow of Tammany. Tweed is elected to the Senate by a large majority.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Washburn is elected in Massachusetts by a plurality of twenty-eight thousand. The election was very tame all the enthusiasm having been exhausted in the Butler campaign.

NEW JERSEY

has gone Democratic by five thousand.

WISCONSIN,

Michigan, Minnesota and Kansas have gone Republican.

MARYLAND

and Virginia are Democratic.

Mrs. Woodhull, Miss Claflin, Mrs. McKinley and two or three other women have been registered as votors in New York city.

The largest city park in the world is in Philadelphia; the largest grain port is Chicago; the longest railroad, the Pacific; the greatest mass of iron is in Missouri; and the greatest water aqueduct, the Croton, New York.

Strange Suicide by Girls.

LEWISTON, NOV. 3.

About half past 12 o'clock this afternoon, several persons noticed two young ladies sitting on the rocks of the Auburn shore of the falls of the Androscoggin river at this place, and their strange conduct attracted considerable attention. Half an hour later, they were observed to walk to the verge of "West Pitch," the deepest chasm of the falls, interlock arms and jump into the swift current, which instantly bore them down the steep declivity, with the rapidity of lightning, and hid them from sight.

A number of people went immediately to the spot from which they leaped and found a white straw hat, with pink velvet lining, a second hat, turban shape, made of blue flannel, trimmed with black, a gold-mixed waterproof, a short overskirt of coarse alpaca, half of a light-colored woolen shawl, and a square shawl, black and white plaid. Two ten cent bills were pinned to the ribbon of the blue hat. There was no writing of any kind, left with the clothing, and there was apparently no clue to the identity of the suicides, but the garments were afterwards seen by a number of persons who declare them to be those of Ada Brown of Buckfield, and Anna Wood of Hartford, who have been at work here.

It is not yet certainly known why they destroyed themselves, though a thousand rumors are afloat here. The bodies have not been recovered and are probably in the powerful undertow under "West Pitch," many feet below the surface.

A. J.

A TOUCHING LETTER. Mr. John A. Nolan, formerly of Boston, a sufferer by the Chicago fire, writes as follows:

My Dear Friend: You doubtless think of my family and myself as dead. I am happy to inform you that my wife and babe are now well. Our little daughter (our first-born) was born on Lincoln Park on Sunday morning, the 8th inst. I had made a home of my coat, a sheet that a neighbor kindly loaned me, and a high hat that I picked up near our location. We were boarding at the Sherman House, but had to flee and leave everything. I was even left without my hat.

God bless the Boston folks, and but for a warm bed and clothing from your noble city my wife would have been dead. A pair of blankets (from Boston) was brought to us in our hour of peril, thus saving the mother of my little one. How acceptable the food has been, too; but hundreds about us have nearly died from over eating as well as from exposure. The first thing I got to eat was a "Boston cracker." I enjoyed it better than I ever enjoyed a dinner. I had a little money in my vest-pocket, which will keep us a long while. We have a tent now, and are very comfortable, and should feel perfectly happy if we only knew the fate of our dear mother, who is missing. I presume we never shall.

I trust you will pardon the writing, for it is accomplished under many difficulties. We shall always bless your people for this great kindness. Three cheers went up for Boston from our little crowd last night. A bundle of baby clothes was brought to us last night with a label: "From the Christian Union of Boston." In the bundle was everything, even to a nursing bottle, a very acceptable article, which we were obliged to use. God bless the hands that did up that bundle; a mother's must have done it. We call our baby Eva Boston, and we hope she may grow up to bless the donors of her first outfit.

SINGULAR SCENE IN A GRAVEYARD. About a week ago a man in Troy, N. Y., applied at the Mount Ida Cemetery, and requested a grave to be dug, to be ready on the following day. The instructions were heeded, and at the time appointed the funeral cortege arrived at the home of the dead. The corpse was contained in an elaborate coffin lined with white satin, on the outside of which was the usual inscription of birth and death. The ceremony was performed, and the mourners wended their way homeward. A headboard was placed at the grave, on which appeared the following inscription: "Our little adopted child." A day or two subsequently the superintendent of the cemetery, having his suspicions excited, had the grave opened, and on raising the coffin lid the body of a dog was found calmly reposing in death. The unsentimental superintendent had the coffin and "our little adopted child" pitched into the creek.

City Affairs.

MONDAY, Nov. 6, 1871.

Petition of Luther Perry and 10 others for a road from the highway leading from the upper to lower bridge to the shore. Referred to Committee on Roads.

Report of City Solicitor on Commercial street was read and laid on table for future consideration.

Rolls of Account No. 6 and 7 were presented and passed, amounting to $1449.75, viz: Contingent, $26.50; Highways, $527.07; Schools $319.52; Fire Department, $26.66; paupers, $550.00.

Orders No. 23. For Committee to arrange for having street lamps lighted. No. 24. Establish hour for Monthly Council Meetings at 6 1-2 instead of 7 1-2 P. M. No. 25. For Committee on roads to have the Burying Ground at Minister's Point Surveyed, and Bounds of same defined and marked. Each read and passed.

In Municipal Board the subject of a license for a Steam Engine in rear of Phœnix Row, was discussed. A remonstrance of property holders in that vicinity having been presented, and Messrs. Aldermen Houston and Fogler were chosen as Committee to ascertain the increased risk and rate of insurance likely to arise from the placing of an Engine as proposed, and the Board adjourned to Monday Nov. 13th, at 2 P. M. to receive the report of said Committee.

Twenty-four men are reported to have dined off one sweet potato in Denver, Colorado. The distance off is not stated.

S. J. Court, October Term, 1871.

KENT, J., Presiding.

E. G. Fogg vs. Franklin Mudgett. The plaintiff is a physician residing in Burnham, and brought this suit to recover about forty dollars for services in setting a broken arm for the defendant's little child, and subsequent treatment of the same. The defence alleged that the arm was not broken, and that the services was therefore uncalled for and of no value. Several medical men were examined as witnesses whose testimony made the old conundrum "who shall decide when doctor's disagree?" more difficult of solution than ever. The child was exhibited to the jury, and we understood the Clerk to object to its being taken from the files of the Court unless a certified copy should be left in its place, but we might have misunderstood him. There was some testimony tending to show that the arm was only partially broken, to which conclusion the jury undoubtedly came as they returned a partial verdict for the plaintiff giving him ten dollars and quarter costs. Watson and McLellan for plaintiff. Abbott for defendant.

Virum B. Paul and al. appellants vs. Iddo K. Paul, Executor. This is an appeal from a decree of the Judge of Probate of this county, admitting to probate the will of Samuel Paul late of Morrill. The appellants contend that the will was not legally executed; that improper influences were exerted over the testator and that the testator was not of sound and disposing mind and memory. On trial, Jewett for appellants. Harriman and Abbot for executor.

State vs. Selden Hancock. The defendant was charged by indictment with setting fire to the barn adjoining the dwelling of Mr. John B. Hazeltine in Burnham, on the night of the 27th of June last. Mr. Hazeltine testified that on the night in question at about midnight he was awakened by the barking of his dog. On looking out of the window he saw the reflection of the fire. He jumped out of the window, ran round the barn and found a quantity of hay under the corner of the barn in flames and saw standing a few feet off watching the progress of the fire the defendant who immediately ran for the woods. With the help of his wife and son Mr. Hazeltine subdued the fire. The defendant adopted the line of defence recommended by the elder Weller and proved an *alibi*. It appeared in testimony that at eleven o'clock on the night of the fire, he was some two miles and a half from his home and about four miles from Mr. Hazeltine's; that his horse was not a two-forty nag by any means, but on the contrary could go not over seventeen miles in five hours—or five miles in seventeen hours—we have forgotten which—and that he arrived home between twelve and one o'clock. Verdict not guilty. Boyle for the Gov't. McLellan for defendant.

State vs. Selden Hancock, apt. appeal from the Police Court for assault and battery upon John B. Hazeltine. The defendant retracted his plea of not guilty and pleaded guilty, urging in mitigation of sentence that the flogging he administered the complainant was "light—very light." Judgment of Police Court affirmed $3 and costs. Boyle for Gov't. McLellan for defendant.

Vinal Estes and John Berry was each fined $5.00 and costs for assault and battery.

George West of Frankfort was fined twenty dollars for refusing to attend as witness before the Grand Jury.

Marietta Briggs libt. vs. George B. Briggs. Divorce decreed. Libellant to have custody of minor child, and to have $400 instead of alimony. Williamson for libellant.

Francis G. French, libt. vs. Nettie P. French. Divorce decreed. Fogler for libellant.

Chas. H. Elwell libt. vs. Cora E. Elwell. Divorce decreed. Abbott for libellant.

Elthea Henderson libt. vs. Irad M. Henderson. Divorce decreed. Knowlton for libellant.

New York Markets.

[By Telegraph to the Journal.]

NEW YORK, Nov. 8.

Flour steady. Wheat 1 cent higher. Corn 1 cent higher. Oats firm. Pork dull, 12@13c. Lard 9 7-8@10. Gold 13 3-4.

Burkett is closing out his entire stock of Worsteds at 17 cts. per ounce. Choice patterns for embroidery on exhibition. Stamping done at reasonable terms.

The United States Watch Co., (Giles, Wales & Co.,) employ 500 hands in their works at Marion, N. J., and are turning out 250 of their celebrated time-keepers daily, or one watch per day for each two hands employed; their working time is 10 hours per day, or 600 minutes, producing a fine watch complete every two and a half minutes, and a little more, and even at that, are unable to keep pace with the constantly increasing demand caused by the extraordinary records the watches are making as accurate and reliable timepieces, an instance of patient and persevering energy and enterprise, rewarded by prosperity which we are glad to see.

IT IS AN ESTABLISHED FACT, that Consumption can be cured; but it is far better to prevent the cruel disease from fastening itself on the system, by the timely use of a remedy like Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. This standard preparation will speedily cure a cough or cold, and even Consumption often yields to its great power.

A case of chronic rheumatism of unusual severity, cured by "Johnson's Anodyne Liniment," is noticed by one of our exchanges. A large bunch came out upon the breast of the sufferer, and appeared like part of the breast bone.

The sweetest word in our language is health. At the first indication of disease, use well-know and approved remedies. For dyspepsia or indigestion, use "Parsons' Purgative Pills." For coughs, colds, sore or lame stomach, use Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

PILES. It is no more strange than true that one half of the adult population suffer with internal, external, bleeding, or itching Piles. It is admitted by eminent medical men that a reliable remedy must and will have an extensive sale. This has been demonstrated by the wonderful increasing sale of Dr. Brigg's Pile Remedies. The progress of this disease, in its various forms, is arrested, and some of the most surprising cures have been effected by its use. Sold by Richard S. Moody, S. A. Howes & Co., Belfast, L. Curtis Jr., Searsport, Roberts & Hichborn, Stockton, Mudgett & Sibly Prospect, J. W. Seavy Frankfort, and Druggists generally. tf

HEADACHE! Brigg's Allevantor is composed of Ammonia, Chloroform, Spirits of Camphor, Tincture of Lupuline, Oil of Juniper and Alcohol. This compound in unequalled in the annals of medicine for the cure of Nervous or Sick Headache, Neuralgia, Trembling or Twitching of the Nerves, and all Nervous Diseases. tf

DR. E. R. CLARKE'S VEGETABLE SHERRY WINE BITTERS are a certain cure for female sickness, by taking a wine-glass half full before getting out of bed in the morning. Delicate Ladies will find it of great service by using it three or four times a day. Sold by all dealers in medicines. tf

CORNS. Imagine for a moment what agony is endured from Corns, Bunions, ingrowing Nails, Sore Insteps, Blistered Heels, Callosities on the soles of the feet, &c. Then you will understand why there is a rush for Dr. J. Briggs' Corn and Bunion Remedies. Sold by Druggists. tf

SEA MOSS FARINE from pure Irish Moss for Blanc Manze, Puddings, Custards, Creams, &c, &c. The cheapest, healthiest, and most delicious food in the world.

PRAIRIE WEED BALM,

FOR INHALATION.

The method of treating Diseases of the Lungs, Asthma, Catarrh, and all tubercular affections, by Inhalation, is an acknowledged success. By inhaling the vapor from the Balm every cell or alveole of the lungs, and every bronchial tube, is reached; the lungs are expanded, and the healing qualities of the weed are brought into direct action upon the diseased organs.

The weed from which this Balm is made was discovered by a well known professional gentleman of Boston, upon the prairies in the great valley of the Mississippi, through the instinct of horses afflicted with the heaves, and is therefore strictly a great Natural Remedy. He cured himself of consumption when pronounced incurable by the best physicians in Boston, and now, after fifteen years of nearly uninterrupted health, confidently recommends it to the public. When used in connection with the Prairie Weed Balsam, it has proved itself an unfailing remedy for all consumptive difficulties. Send for Circular.

PRICE, $1.50, INCLUDING INHALER.

WEEKS & POTTER, General Agents, 170 Washington Street,

MILTON AUSTIN, Prop'r. BOSTON, MASS. 1yr9eow

TICKETS

FOR ALL POINTS WEST AND SOUTH.

FOR SALE AT

M. C. R. R. DEPOT,

—BY—

W. J. COLBURN.

tf14

SPECIAL NOTICES.

The Cause and Cure of Consumption.

The primary cause of Consumption is derangement of the digestive organs. This derangement produces deficient nutrition and assimilation. By assimilation I mean that process by which the nutriment of the food is converted into blood, and thence into the solids of the body. Persons with digestion thus impaired, having the slightest predisposition to pulmonary disease, or if they take cold, will be very liable to have Consumption of the Lungs in some of its forms; and I hold that it will be impossible to cure any case of Consumption without first restoring a good digestion and healthy assimilation. The very first thing to be done is to cleanse the stomach and bowels from all diseased mucus and slime which is clogging these organs so that they cannot perform their functions, and then rouse up and restore the liver to a healthy action. For this purpose, the surest and best remedy is Schenck's Mandrake Pills. These Pills cleanse the stomach and bowels of all the dead and morbid slime that is causing disease and decay in the whole system. They will clear out the liver of all diseased bile that has accumulated there, and arouse it up to a new and healthy action, by which natural and healthy bile is secreted.

The stomach, bowels and liver are thus cleansed by the use of Schenck's Mandrake Pills; but there remains in the stomach an excess of acid, the organ is torpid, and the appetite is poor. In the bowels the bacteals are weak, and requiring strength and support. It is in a condition like this that Schenck's Seaweed Tonic proves to be the most valuable remedy ever discovered. It is alkaline, and its use will neutralize all excess of acid, making the stomach sweet and fresh; it will give permanent tone to this important organ, and create a good hearty appetite, and prepare the system for the first process of a good digestion, and ultimately make good, healthy, living blood. After this preparatory treatment, what remains to cure most cases of consumption is the free and persevering use of Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup. The Pulmonic Syrup nourishes the system, purifies the blood, and is readily absorbed into the circulation, and thence distributed to the deceased lungs. There it ripens all morbid matters, whether in the form of abscesses or tubercles, and then assists Nature to expel all the diseased matter in the form of free expectoration, when once it ripens. It is then, by the great healing and purifying properties of Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup, that all ulcers and cavities are healed up sound, and my patient is cured.

The essential thing to be done in curing Consumption is to get up a good appetite and a good digestion so that the body will grow in flesh and get strong. If a person has diseased lungs, a cavity or abscess there, the cavity cannot heal, the matter cannot ripen, so long as the system is below par. What is necessary to cure is a new order of things, a good appetite, a good nutrition, the body to grow in flesh and get fat; then Nature is helped, the cavities will heal, the matter will ripen and be thrown off in large quantities, and the person regain health and strength. This is the true and only plan to cure Consumption, and if a person is very bad, if the lungs are not entirely destroyed, or even if one lung is entirely gone, if there is enough vitality left in the other to heal up, there is hope.

I have seen many persons cured with only one sound lung, live and enjoy life to a good old age. This is what Schenck's medicines will do to cure Consumption. They will clean out the stomach, sweeten and strengthen it, get up a good digestion, and give Nature the assistance she needs to clear the system of all the disease that is in the lungs, whatever the form may be.

It is important that, while using Schenck's medicines, care should be exercised not to take cold; keep in doors in cool and damp weather; avoid night air, and take out-door exercise only in a genial and warm sunshine.

I wish it distinctly understood that when I recommend a patient to be careful in regard to taking cold while using my medicines, I do so for a special reason. A man who has but partially recovered from the effects of a bad cold is far more liable to a relapse than one who has been entirely cured, and it is precisely the same in regard to Consumption. So long as the lungs are not perfectly healed, just so long is there imminent danger of a full return of the disease. Hence it is that I so strenuously caution pulmonary patients against exposing themselves to an atmosphere that is not genial and pleasant. Confirmed consumptives' lungs are a mass of sores, which the least change of atmosphere will inflame. The grand secret of my success with my medicines consists in my ability to subdue inflammation instead of provoking it, as many of the faculty do. An inflamed lung cannot with safety to the patient be exposed to the biting blasts of winter or the chilling wind of spring or autumn. It should be carefully shielded from all irritating influences. The utmost caution should be observed in this particular, so without it a cure under almost any circumstances is an impossibility.

The person should be kept on a wholesome and nutritious diet, and all the medicines continued until the body has restored to it the natural quantity of flesh and strength.

I was myself cured by this treatment of the worst kind of Consumption, and have lived to get fat and nearly three-score years, with one lung mostly gone. I have cured thousands since, and very many have been cured by this treatment whom I have never seen.

About the first of October I expect to take possession of my new building at the north-east corner of Sixth and Arch streets, where I shall be pleased to give advice to all who may require it.

Full directions accompany all my remedies, so that a person in any part of the world can be readily cured by a strict observance of the same.

J. H. SCHENCK, M. D., Philadelphia.

GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Agents. BOSTON.

BETTER & CHEAPER THAN ANY OTHER BOOTS OR SHOES; THOSE FASTENED WITH

Cable Screw Wire.

BETTER—Because they are more Pliable, more Comfortable, are Water-proof, and are warranted not to Rip or Gape.

CHEAPER—Because, while their first cost is not greater than other boots of the same grade, their Durability is far greater, they preserve their Shape much better, and the metallic fastening insures a more Equal Wear.

Equally applicable to light and heavy work.

The immense demand having called forth imitations, consumers should be sure that every boot or shoe bears the Patent Stamp.

Sold by Dealers Everywhere. 6w11sp

BATCHELOR'S HAIR DYE.

This superb Hair Dye is the best in the world—perfectly harmless, reliable and instantaneous; no disappointment; no ridiculous tints or disagreeable odor. The genuine Wm. A. Batchelor's Hair Dye produces IMMEDIATELY a splendid Black or natural Brown, leaves the hair clean, soft, beautiful; does not contain a particle of lead or any injurious compound. Sold by all Druggists. Factory, 16 BOND STREET, N. Y. 1yr14sp

ECONOMY IS WEALTH.

A bottle of LATHAM'S CATHARTIC EXTRACT will preserve the health of most families for an entire year. All the druggists have it.

IT IS NOT NECESSARY

for the removal of Dyspepsia, Billious Complaints, and Impurities of the Blood, to delude the patient with medicine; a very few doses of LATHAM'S CATHARTIC EXTRACT will suffice. 5w13sp

THE CONFESSIONS OF AN INVALID.

PUBLISHED as a warning and for the benefit of *young men and others*, who suffer from Nervous Debility, &c., supplying THE MEANS OF SELF-CURE. Written by one who cured himself, and sent free on receiving a post-paid directed envelope.

Address, NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Brooklyn, N. Y. 6m15sp

BELFAST PRICES CURRENT.

Corrected Weekly for the Journal.

BELFAST, Wednesday, Nov. 1, 1871.

Flour,	$8.1-2 to 11.00	Round Hog,	7 to 7 1-2
Corn Meal,	95 to 00	Clear S't Pork	$16 to 17
Rye Meal,	1.25 to 0.00	Mutton per lb.	5 to 6
Rye,	80 to 90	Lamb per lb.	6 to 8
Corn,	90 to 95	Turkey per lb.	15 to 18
Barley,	70 to 75	Chicken per lb.	12 to 14
Beans,	2.25 to 2.75	Duck per lb.	20 to 00
Marrowfat Peas,	1.00 to 1.25	Geese per lb.	15 to 18
Oats,	55 to 60	Hay per ton,	$20 to 25
Potatoes,	40 to 45	Lime,	$1.25 to 00
Dried Apples,	8 to 10	Washen Wool	50 to 55
Cooking, do.	33 to 50	Unwas'd "	35 to 42
Butter,	28 to 30	Pulled "	45 to 50
Cheese,	15 to 00	Hides,	7 1-2 to 8
Eggs,	28 to 30	Calf Skins,	16 2-3 to 00
Lard,	14 to 15	Sheep Skins	75 to 1.25
Beef,	5 to 6	Wood, hard,	$5 50 to 6.00
Ap'ls, Baldwin,	1.00 to 1.25	Wood, soft,	$4.00 to 00
Veal,	0 to 9	Dry Pollock,	4 to 5
Dry Cod,	8 to 10	Straw,	$10 to 12

BOSTON PRODUCE MARKET.

MONDAY, Oct. 30, 1871.

BUTTER—We quote strictly fine lots of fall made Butter at 32c; fine dairies, comprising fall and summake, at 28a30c; good fair lots at 23a27c; common do at 14a18c; inferior do at 11a00c; bakers' at 10a11c; Western Butter, choice grades, at 22a26c, and common do at 14a17c per lb.

CHEESE—We quote at 12 1-2a13c for Ohio; 13 1-2a14c for Vermont and New York; 12a13c for choice dairy, and 10c per lb for common cheese.

EGGS—The market is at 34c per doz, and there is a little more demand.

BEANS—We quote choice Northern hand-picked pea beans at $2 50a3 00; choice Eastern at $2 25; common pea beans $2 12a2 50; choice mediums at $2 62a2 75; and yellow eyes at $2 75 per bush.

VEGETABLES—Jackson Whites are selling at 60 a65c per bush, Norfolk Sweets at $2 75, and Jerseys at $3 50 per bbl; Onions are dull at $2 25 per bbl.

FRUIT—Apples are plenty, and while a few lots of hard fruit are sold at $3 25, a good many Apples that are too ripe sell at $2 00 per bbl; Cranberries are plenty at $7a10 per bbl. for Country and Cape.

HAY—We quote at $30a33 per ton for the best Vermont and Canada hay; $24a26 for inferior; $28a30 for Western timothy, and $15a17 for Swale. Straw sells at $28a29 per ton.

BRIGHTON CATTLE MARKET.

[For the week ending Wednesday, Nov. 1.]

At market for the current week—Cattle 3443; Sheep and Lambs 12,710; Swine 10,000. Last week—Cattle, 4502; Sheep and Lambs, 10,764; Swine, 10,810.

Prices of Beef Cattle, per 100 lbs, the total weight of hides, tallow and dressed Beef—Extra quality $6 50a7 00; first quality $6 00a6 25; second quality 5a5 75; third quality $4 50a5 00; poorest grade of Cows, Oxen, Bulls, &c., $3 50a4 00.

Hides and Tallow—Brighton Hides 8 1-2a9c; Brighton Tallow 6a6 1-2c; Country Hides 7a 1-2c; Country Tallow 5a5 1-2c; Calf Skins 16a18c; Sheep and Lamb Skins, $1 50a1 75.

Working Oxen—Extra, $200a250; ordinary, $140a190; poor Oxen from $30 to $50 per pair.

Store Cattle—Yearlings, $8a15; 2 year olds, $12a28, 3 year olds, $25a45. Those of a poorer quality at prices ranging from $7a$30.

Milch Cows—Extra $55a90; ordinary, $25a50 per head. Store Cows, $18a25.

Sheep and Lambs—Extra and selected lots, $3 25a5 50; Ordinary, $2 50a3 00; or from 4a7 1-4c per lb.

Swine—Store pigs, wholesale, 4a5c; retail, 5a7c per pound. Fat Hogs 5a5 1-4c.

Poultry—Extra, 15 1-2a16c; medium, 14 1-2a15 1-4c; poor 13 1-2a14c.

WANTED!

BY THE SUBSCRIBER, IMMEDIATELY, 50 M. Birch Hoop Poles. Apply to

B. O. SARGENT.

Searsport, Oct. 30, 1871. 3w17*

MARRIED.

In this city, Nov. 6, by Rev. Dr. Palfrey, Lorenzo G. Coombs and Emma C. Sleeper. By the same, Oct. 25, William Flemming and Martha Page, all of Belfast.

In Rockland, Oct. 29, Horace Clark and Azora Wheeler, both of St. George. Also Oct. 31, C. L. Ash and R. Frances Harden.

In Ellsworth, Oct. 28, Albert Gardiner and Mary Gormley, both of E.

In Brighton, Oct. 26, Rodney Forsaith and Sarah Jordon Lord, both of Ellsworth.

In North Cambridge, Mass., Nov. 1, Franklin Start and Annie S. Horton, both of Camden.

In North Haven, Nov. 1, by Eleazer Crabtree, Esq., Winfield S. Carver and Miss Olevia W. Brown, both of N. H.

DIED.

[*Obituary notices, beyond the date, name and age, must be paid for.*]

In this city, Oct. 24, Mrs. Clara Lockwood, aged 54. years.

In Swanville, Oct. 29, Rufus E. Tripp, aged 30 years and 6 months. Also Oct. 31, Jacob Tripp, (deaf mute), aged 75 years.

In Lincolnville, Oct. 28, Mary I., daughter of James and Melissie Knight, aged 10 months.

In Bluehill, Oct. 21, Joel Long, Senior, aged 89.

In Mt. Desert, Oct. 13, Sarah, wife of Edwin C. Parker.

In Rockland, Oct. 24, Bethia Corthill, aged 53 years. Oct. 25, Melissa, Field, aged 35 years. Oct. 30, Lovina Ames aged 37 years.

In Thomaston, Oct. 27, Emma Gilley, aged 20 years

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF BELFAST.

ARRIVED.

Nov. 2. Sch Aurora, McCarty, Boston.
5. " Romeo, Mathews, Bridgeport, bound
6. " D. K. Arey, Ryan, Boston; Helen Maria, Prince, Camden.
7. " Jack Downing, Patterson, Rockland; W. G. Eadie, Ryder, do.

SAILED.

Nov. 3. Sch Mary, Gilchrist, Charleston, S. C.
7. " Helen Maria, Prince Camden.

Sch Anna Gardiner, of Surry, loaded with Calais lumber, sailed from Salem for Philadelphia Aug. 28. Sept. 2, a vessel bottom up was seen off Chatham, Cape Cod. Sept. 11, a wreck landed on Chatham Bar with stern gone, so that name or "hail" could not be obtained, and having the beam containing the number so shattered that it could not be told. Subsequently, by certain unmistakable marks, it was shown that it was the wreck of this vessel. Of the entire crew, nothing is known, consisting of William Treworgy, master; John Marray, mate; Charles Wasson, oldest son of Samuel Wasson; Edward Treworgy, son of O. S. Treworgy, all of Surry, and rumor says a cook shipped in Salem.

AUTUMN

AND

WINTER

OF

1871 and 1872.

FIRST CLASS

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No. 1 Main Street,

Custom House Square.

A. D. CHASE.

Belfast, Nov. 1871. 18

Dancing School!

—AT—

PEIRCE'S HALL.

MR. J. C. WHITTEN respectfully announces that he will commence his Dancing School at Peirce's Hall, on **Tuesday Eve., Nov. 28**, a term of 12 lessons. Tuesday and Friday Evenings.

TERMS—To the Course, $5 per Couple. Ladies, $2.

P. S.—Music furnished for Balls, or Parties at short notice, and on reasonable terms. J. C. W.

Belfast, Nov. 8, 1871. 2w18*

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Adapted to all kinds of Sewing Machines

PERSONS in want of Machines for family use or manufacturing purposes, are invited to call and see this labor-saving invention. It saves one-half the labor. It cannot turn the wrong way. It has no dead centres, and can be stopped instantly. It places the machine under the perfect control of the operator by the use of the feet alone. The injurious effects resulting from the constant use of the Sewing Machines are entirely obviated by the use of this TREADLE POWER. It can be seen in operation on all kinds of machines at our Salesroom.

No. 252 Washington Street,

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Sheriff's Sale.

WALDO, SS.—Taken on execution in favor of John Grecly, against Daniel W. Benner, and will be sold at public auction, to the highest bidder, on Saturday, the 16th day of December next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, at the store of A. B. Longfellow, in Palermo, in said County, all the right in equity which said Benner has of redeeming a certain parcel of land, situate in said Palermo, bounded and described as follows, to wit: On the west by the town road; on the north by land of E. W. Pinkham; on the east by land of Harvey Bradstreet, and on the south by land of S. B. Jones, being the same premises now occupied by said Benner, containing seven acres, more or less.

SAMUEL NORTON, Deputy Sheriff.

Belfast, Nov. 3, 1871.

Hayford Hall, Belfast.

ONE NIGHT ONLY!

Saturday Eve., Nov. 11.

J. C. Myers & J. H. Huntly, Managers.

METROPOLITAN THEATRE.

Appearance of the Celebrated Actor and Manager, Mr. J. C. MYERS, in the Great Drama Entitled the Maniac's Revenge. Michael—J. C. Myers, other characters by the Company. To be followed by the Comedy of Love in Humble life, Violin Solo by Prof. F. A. Moller. To Conclude with the Farce of Nan The Good for Nothing.

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Belfast, Nov. 6, 1871. 3w18

"A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instructions."

Harper's Bazar.

*

A Woman's Poem.

You say you love me, and you lay
Your hand and fortune at my feet;
I thank you, sir, with all my heart,
For love is sweet.

It is but little to you men,
To whom the doors of Life stand wide,
But much, how much to woman! She
Has naught beside.

You make the worlds wherein you move,
You rule your tastes, or coarse or fine;
Dine, hunt, or fish, or spend your gold
At dice or wine!

Our world, (alas, you make that too!)
Is narrower—shut in four blank walls;
Know you, or care, what light is there?
What shadow falls?

We read the last new novel out,
And live in dream land till it ends:
We write romantic school-girl notes
That bore our friends.

We learn to trill Italian songs,
And thrum for hours the tortured keys;
We think it pleases you, and we
But live to please.

We feed our bird, we tend our flowers,
(Poor in-door things of sickly bloom,)
Or play the housewife in our gloves,
And dust the room.

But some of us have hearts and minds,
So much the worse for us and you:
For grant we seek a better life,
What can we do?

We cannot build and sail your ships,
Or drive your engines; we are weak,
And ignorant of the tricks of trade;
To think, and speak,

Or write some earnest stammering words,
Alone is ours, and that you hate;
So forced within ourselves again,
We sigh and wait.

Ah! who can tell the bitter hours,
The dreary days that women spend?
Their thoughts unshared, their lives unknown,
Without a friend.

Without a friend? And what is he,
Who, like a shadow, day and night,
Follows the woman he prefers?
Lives in her sight.

Her lover—he, a gallant man,
Devoted to her every whim—
He vows to die for her, so she
Must live for him!

We should be very grateful sir,
That, when you've nothing else to do,
You waste your idle hours on us—
So kind of you!

Profuse in studied compliments,
Your manners, like your clothes, are fine,
Though both at times are somewhat strong
Of smoke and wine!

What can we hope to know of you?
We know not of us! We are two parts;
We love in jest; it is the play
Of hands, not hearts!

You grant my bitter words are true
Of others, not of you and me;
Your love is steady as a star—
But we shall see.

You say you love me, have you thought
How much these little words contain?
Alas! a world of happiness,
And words of pain!

You know, or should, your nature now,
Its needs and passions. Can I be
What you desire me? Do you find
Your all in me?

You do. But have you thought that I
May have my ways and fancies, too?
You love me; will you have your thought
If I love you?

But think again. You know me not;
I, too, may be a butterfly,
A costly parlor doll on show
For you to lay.

You trust me wholly? One word more.
You see me young; they call me fair;
I think I have a pleasant face,
And pretty hair.

But by and by my face will fade,
It must with time, it may with care;
What say you to a wrinkled wife,
With thin, grey hair.

You care not, you; in youth, or age,
Your heart is mine, while life endures;
Is it so? Then, Arthur, here's my hand,
My heart is yours.

His Wife's Mother.

He stood on his head on the wild seashore,
And danced on his hands to a jig;
In all his emotions, as never before,
A madly hilarious grig.

And why? In that vessel which left the bay
His mother-in-law had sailed
To a tropical country some distance away
Where tigers and serpents prevailed.

He knew she had gone to recruit her health
And doctor her rasping cough,
But wagered himself a profusion of wealth
That something would carry her off.

Oh, now he might look for a quiet life,
And even be happy yet,
Though owning no end of neuralgical wife,
And up to his collar in debt.

For she of the specs and curled false front,
And the black alpaca polo,
Must pick out a sailor to suffer the brunt
Of her next daily trial of Job.

He watched while the vessel cut the sea,
And bumpishly upped and downed,
And thought if already she qualmish could be
He'd consider the edifice crowned!

He'd borne the old lady through thick and thin
Till she'd lectured him out of breath;
And now as he gazed at the ship she was in,
He howled for her violent death—

Till over the azure horizon's edge
The barque had retired from view,
When he leaped to the crest of a chalky ledge,
And pranced like a kangaroo.

And many a jubilant peal he sent
O'er the waves which had made him free,
Then cut a last caper ecstatic, and went,
Turning somersaults, homeward to tea.

The Lawless Lowreys.

[Correspondence of the New York Herald.]

RALEIGH, N. C., Oct. 13, 1871.

The vigorous measures which were instituted nearly three months since on the part of both the State and National Governments against Henry Berry Lowrey, the notorious outlaw, and his lawless gang, in Robeson county, have just been brought to a most inglorious and unsuccessful close.

The readers of the Herald are already familiar with the history of these desperadoes, who have so long outraged the laws of the State, and upon each of whose heads a price had been set by the State Government. They were outlawed by Governor Holden, and large rewards offered both by the State and County for their arrest, but even this did not deter them from committing the most daring, bloody and inhuman deeds on record. For a period of over eight years, commencing in 1863, the Lowreys and their associates, the Oxendines and others, who are a mixture of Indian, negro and Caucasian, held a high carnival of crime in Robeson and adjacent counties. They became a terror to all law-abiding and peaceful citizens, and every effort to capture them proved unsuccessful. In the utmost recesses of an almost impenetrable swamp their headquarters are established, and from this they emerged only when their necessities required, or when they desired to wreak vengeance on some person or persons who had made themselves prominent in endeavoring to effect their capture. The catalogue of murders and assassinations they committed is a most startling and fearful exhibit. Since the close of the war they have murdered some twenty-five citizens in their houses or on the highway, and all in cold blood, except recently, when two citizens were killed belonging to a party organized to capture them. Lowrey and his gang ambushed the party, and a volley killed two, wounded several and put the remainder to flight. Such expeditions against them in their swamp-bound quarters have been numerous, and have invariably resulted in similar disastrous escapades. When their supplies of provisions required replenishing Lowrey and his gang, armed to the teeth, made a raid on some country store or farm house, quitted it, and retired back to the swamp triumphant. On these occasions if resistance was offered they bound the owners of the property to trees or fences and cut off their ears, and if they were too unruly shot them down on the spot. Added to these heinous crimes was that of rape, which during the past five years has frequently been committed by this lawless and desperate gang. In short, they defied all authority, despised the efforts of the local officials to effect their arrests, and inspired such a terror among the citizens that few would be foolhardy enough to attempt to make one of a party to capture them, and they roamed the country living monuments of a feeble and miserably conducted government, and a menace to all peaceably disposed citizens. If a better evidence of the utter contempt in which they held the local authorities were wanting than the following, it is hard to say how it would be found. One of the gang, for whom a reward of $400 had been offered, one day presented himself to a citizen, and stipulated that the latter might arrest him and lodge him in the county jail at Lumberton on condition that he would share the reward equally with him in two weeks from the date of arrest. The citizen agreed, and the outlaw was delivered to the Sheriff, who had him manacled and shackled in the most approved manner, and then chained to the floor. In addition to these precautions, bolts, bars and the most ponderous sort of locks were placed upon not only the doors of the cell in which the outlaw was secured, but also upon the outer doors of the jail, so that there was no possibility of escape. He remained quietly incarcerated until the expiration of the stipulated two weeks, and a few days after; but the share of the reward ($200) being not forthcoming, he disappeared one bright moonlight night. Into the very midst of the town of Lumberton the gang came from the swamps, broke open the blacksmith shop, and, after supplying themselves with tools, went to the jail, made short work of the locks and bars and bolts, and liberated their fellow outlaw. Soon afterward the citizen who made the arrest left the county.

Every one of the numerous expeditions by the citizens against the Lowreys, usually gotten up during the excitement attendant upon one of their murders or outrages, signally failed, and generally resulted fatally to some, and always unsuccessfully to the would-be captors. At length the country was becoming depopulated owing to the fear and insecurity which the citizens felt, and at the same time the Lowreys were becoming more daring, and, if possible, more atrocious and open in the commission of their outrages. Under these circumstances United States troops were sent to Robeson to afford that protection to life and property which the State authorities had failed in doing. The troops remained there during the entire year of 1870, during which time the Lowreys were as active as ever, and, to show how little they cared for troops, they shot and killed in broad daylight a man within 200 yards of the soldiers' camp. Soon after these troops were withdrawn the community were again startled by the announcement of another horrible murder by the Lowreys, and again an expedition for the twentieth time, was started against the outlaws. It was on this occasion that the two citizens referred to above were killed by the Lowreys in ambush. In face of such open defiance of the county authorities and such wholesale sacrifice of life and property by the outlaws, Governor Caldwell ordered out the militia of the county, supplied them with arms and ammunition, and placed them on a war footing, under the command of Adjutant General Gorman, of the State forces. Large numbers of United States troops being then in the State for the arrest and suppression of the Ku-Klux Klan, the Governor applied for two companies to assist in capturing Lowrey and his gang. These were furnished, ordered to Robeson, and, with the militia, were placed in the field some months ago, with the full determination of either capturing or annihilating the outlaws. Since then the exploits of the Lowreys have been characterized by greater novelty, if not daring, than ever. No murders have been heard of, but the outlaws have repeatedly shown themselves in the most public places, and once they fired upon a train on the Wilmington, Charlotte and Rutherford Railroad. Again, Lowrey himself invaded the militia camp in the night time, cut his name on the stock of a musket, and left a complimentary note for General Gorman, stating that his inspection of the gang was most satisfactory, and the discipline excellent. At another time he was met by a squad of United States soldiers on a road. They were unarmed, but Lowrey, besides a double-barrelled shot gun, had several loaded revolvers in his belt. He passed the soldiers, who stared at him in amazement, and he soon disappeared in the woods. His next appearance was in a bateau in Lumber river, witnessed by a detachment of United States troops, who fired at him. The outlaw laid down in the boat, careened it so that the bottom protected his body until out of danger, and then he paddled away without even so much as returning the fire. These were the only glimpses obtained of Lowrey by the military forces sent to capture him during their campaign of three months, and like the Seminole Indians in Florida, the outlaws still remain unconquered and masters of the situation. Finding the operations of the military—a glorious inactivity—were rather too expensive, while they but afforded amusement for the outlaws, they were withdrawn; but prior to their removal Lowrey, through a messenger, proposed a flag of truce and a personal meeting with General Gorman, the commander-in-chief. This proposition was duly considered; but as there was nothing to be feared from a meeting with Lowrey it was agreed to, on the terms and conditions mentioned by Lowrey. Accordingly, at the stated time, General Gorman repaired to the appointed rendezvous, where punctual to the moment, he met the noted chief of the gang of negro outlaws, murderers and incendiaries. To the present there has been no detailed report or statement of the interview made by the Adjutant General, but it is known on official authority that Lowrey proposed a treaty of peace with the State of North Carolina and the United States, on the condition that he and his gang be allowed peaceably to leave the United States forever. This was the result of the interview under the flag of truce, near Scufftetown, where the wives and families of the out laws reside; but, so far, no action has been taken upon it. It is a sad commentary upon the administration of the government of North Carolina—a gang of negro desperadoes openly defying its authority, not for months or a year but now for over a period of eight years.

Trick of a Gambler.

A gambler in his confession says: "I once knew a southern gentleman, who, although not ostensibly a professional gambler, really made short cards a business. He was a man of education and a fine conversationalist, and a very elegant gentleman. He was fond of a little game of draw, just to kill time, you know; but the result was that he always got the best of it, and, mingling with moneyed men his winnings were large. I got into a series of games with him, and as well as I understand cards myself, I invariably got the worst of it. I knew there was something wrong, and I resolved to discover it if possible. I carefully examined the backs of the cards, and, understanding how this sort of work is done, I very soon satisfied myself that the backs were all right. I watched his deal. He threw them around with great rapidity. His shuffling was square.

One day I procured a powerful magnifying glass, and went carefully over a pack of cards that he had won with the night before. A long and careful search revealed in the aces and face cards a series of trifling concavities. The punches were so slight as to be invisible to the naked eye, but upon passing my fingers over them, I could feel them. A gamblers' fingers are, or ought to be, soft as velvet. Subsequent investigation revealed his work. He had on the inside of his finger ring a minute punch.

In the beginning of a game he would manage to turn the faces of the aces and face cards, one at a time, so as to bring them against his punch, and then one indention, or two, or three in a certain locality would designate the cards. So nice was his sense of touch that, when dealing, he would naturally pass the face of each card over the end of his left middle fingers, and, no matter how readily he dealt them, he would know the position of all the face cards in the pack. Of course, this gave him a heavy percentage, and the result was that he invariably won."

Charles Mathews, going into an eating house for lunch, heard, as he entered and sat down, seven orders given in quick succession by a throng of as many customers. One called for a basin of ox-tail soup, two for mock-turtle soup, three for pea soup, and one for bouilli. And the waiter, dashing to the speaking-tube which communicated with the cook, bawled out with immense rapidity, "One ox, two mocks, three peas and a bully."

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DR. P. T. KEENE having just returned from Ecuador and brought with him a quantity of the *genuine* **Cundurango Bark**, secured through the official recommendation and assistance of His Excellency the President of Ecuador, and the Government of that Republic, we are prepared to fill orders for it to a limited extent, and at a price about one-quarter of that which the cost of the first very small supply compelled us to charge.

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PELEG STAPLES, **Agent for the State of Maine and New Brunswick.**

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It has been about one and one-half years since the University Medicines were introduced into this State. Notwithstanding the opposition from the Faculty, the sale is daily increasing. Thousands of certificates can be presented if necessary, but if the following are not sufficient to satisfy the most sceptical, 10,000 additional ones would be useless.

CATARRH, (the mother of consumption,) Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and many other diseases hitherto considered incurable, readily yield under treatment of the University Medicines.

FEMALE DISEASES treated with perfect success. Having treated over two hundred cases within the last three months, I consider it safe to warrant a perfect cure to 95 cases out of every one hundred, without cauterization or the least exposure.

SPERMATORRHŒA, the greatest destroyer of humanity on the face of the Globe. How many bewail the loss of precious vitality without having the slightest idea of the cause, their manhood is daily vanishing and they are gliding into a state of hopeless decay. I have treated over five hundred cases of this malady within six months with the University Medicines with perfect success.

Persons afflicted with diseases will please call or send and get a book (free) wherein they will find their diseases explained, and necessary remedies.

Address PELEG STAPLES, 250 Congress St., Portland, Me.

Certificates of Cures.

I have been afflicted with Scrofula and Salt Rheum all my life. I have been under treatment of eleven (miss called) physicians, and all the time grew worse. No tongue can tell what my sufferings were, with catarrh, diseased lungs, a fearful cough, my limbs, wrist and hand running sores, no appetite, badly diseased incidental to my sex. Though young, I felt that life was a burden to me. In this dreadful condition, through the advice of a friend, I called on the proprietor of the New York University Medicines. He told me my case was doubtful, but would do the best he could; I commenced taking his medicines April 17th, and am free from the above troubles. Mrs. HENRY JONES, Westbrook, Me.

July 10, 1871.

Some three months ago I was persuaded by my wife to take the University Medicines. My health and mind was so badly affected that my friends became alarmed for my safety. In a week after commencing to take the Medicine, I felt great relief. I am now as well as any other man. My wife has been for a long time afflicted with disease that has baffled the skill of our best physicians; some of which pronounced her case incurable. Under treatment of the University Medicines her health has greatly improved. Any one doubting, will please call at No. 6 Lincoln street, or at repair shop Grand Trunk Depot. GEORGE KINGSBURY.

Portland, Aug. 5, 1871.

To the Agent of University Medicines at Waterville.

DEAR MRS. FLOOD:—I think it my duty to address you with a few lines stating my cure with your wonderful catarrh specific. I have been afflicted with catarrh ever since a child and have spent a great deal of money among our first doctors, and have tried every thing I heard of without obtaining any relief. I am cured by using your Catarrh Specific. I am willing to answer all enquiries.

Mrs. L. A. BUTTERFIELD, Waterville, Me.

For five years I have suffered with catarrh, a bad consumptive cough and pain in my left side. I had employed several physicians and have paid them over $100 without the least benefit. I have used $6 worth of the University Medicines, and am relieved from the above troubles.

JOHN SHAW, West Com'l St., Portland, Me.

I have been troubled with Scrofula all my lifetime, and Neuralgia in the head for seven years, and have consulted good physicians from Maine to New York without any benefit whatever. I have taken six bottles of the cancer plant, and one and one-half of the Neuralgia Elixir, and a little of some other kinds, and I now feel better than I ever was before in my life. I cannot say with Mr. Munsey, that I feel twenty years younger, being only twenty-eight, but can say I never felt so young to my knowledge in my life.

Mrs. A. O. W. FOSTER, Wilton, Me.

Cases Treated by Letter.

DR. STAPLES:—One bottle of your extract of Cancer Plant cured my little boy of Scrofula of 12 months standing. If I should write all day I could not give you full credit for the sufferings. We employed five physicians without relief. His sores are all healed and he appears perfectly well. We think it is a wonderful cure. Several of our friends are taking the medicine with good success.

Mrs. WM. J. LEWIS.

Old Town, Sept. 17, 1870.

South Paris, Feb. 2, 1871.

DR. STAPLES—Dear Sir:—The medicine I got at your place, Jan. 24, has done wonders for me. It is all you recommend it to be.

You may make any use of the above you think proper. Yours truly, SETH MORSE.

The above case has been treated for the past four years by different physicians for cancer.

This may certify that I had been suffering with the "Rheumatism," for five months, and at that time it seized my right hip and leg down to the foot. This the physicians called "Sciatic." I tried many kinds of highly recommended medicines which I took for the blood. Still I got no relief for seven months more, all the time doing my best, with as good advisers as we have in our city. Finally I called at the New York University Branch, and the proprietor said he could help me. So I commenced on his medicine, and in four weeks I thought I felt relief, and in eight weeks I was able to leave my cane at home, and have been well up to this time, three months have passed. DAVID KEAZER.

Portland, Aug. 23, 1870.

For twenty-five years I have suffered with Scrofula and Salt Rheum, (or Tetter.) Have paid out hundreds of dollars, and been treated by several first-class physicians without benefit. Some four weeks ago, I commenced using the University Medicines. At the time my forehead and head were covered with sores and scaliness of the skin; also my tongue was covered with small ulcers. I am to-day free from all the above troubles, and can heartily recommend these medicines to the afflicted.

S. C. MUNSEY, 27 Chestnut St.

Portland, Jan. 24, 1870.

As certain individuals have reported that the above certificate is false and my disease as bad as ever, I wish to say, at the time I gave the above certificate, the story was not half told. In addition to the above my leg and back were covered with sores. I am now well and feel at least twenty years younger than I did before taking the remedies.

My advice to the afflicted is to give the medicine a trial and not to be deterred by the cry of humbug. It cured me, it has cured many others. I believe the extract of cancer plant will cure any blood disease in existence.

S. C. MUNSEY, 27 Chesinut Street.

Portland, June, 1870.

I had the Catarrh so bad for seven years, that my head became confused and painful. I was obliged to get up several times in the night to keep from choking. I employed some of the best physicians in the country without benefit. I was perfectly cured with the University Medicines in three weeks.

A. M. MORGAN, 223 Cumberland St., Portland, Contractor on the Portland & Oldgensburg Railroad, Feb. 18, 1870.

Since giving the above certificate, I have been perfectly free from Catarrh, though I have been continually exposed to wet and colds.

June 10, 1870. A. M. MORGAN.

I have been afflicted for twenty years with Chronic Rheumatism. I have spent hundreds of dollars for medical treatment without benefit. Ten days ago, I commenced taking the University Medicines, and I can truly say, it has been more beneficial to me than all other treatment I ever received. My place of business is 137 Pearl street. I shall be pleased to answer all enquiries. JOHN TURNER.

About a year ago, I was so badly affected with Kidney Disease and general debility, that I could scarcely attend to my business. I took a few bottles of University Medicine, and have been well up to the present time. CHAS. E. DUTTON, Store No. 312 Congress St., Portland.

I was afflicted with Sciatica for three months most of the time so badly that I could not pull off or put on my boots and stockings, and in order to pick up anything from the floor, I had to get down on my knees, and then could not lift five pounds in that position. By Using the University Medicines I was cured. O. O. NEWHALL, Firm Gosse, Newhall & Co., Printers. Cor. Exchange & Middle Sts., opposite Marble P. O. Portland, Dec. 13, 1870.

For three years I was badly afflicted with Asthma, Catarrh, and a fearful consumptive cough.

I was perfectly cured with the University Medicines in six weeks. For the past two months I have been continually exposed to wet and cold, without the least return of symptoms of the above diseases. CAPT. A. CLEAVES.

Cape Elizabeth, June 3, 1870.

For fifty years I have been troubled with Scrofula. Some fifteen years ago a fearful ulcer broke out on my leg. Three months ago it had extended from the ankle-joint nearly to the knee. I could not move without great pain. In this condition I commenced taking the University Medicine.

At first it drove out a fearful humor all over me.

In a few days the humor began to subside, and the ulcer is now healed and I feel like a new being. ELIZABETH CHAMBERLAIN, 38 Chestnut St.

Portland, Aug. 30.

I guarantee the above certificates to be genuine, and I will forfeit $1000 to any one that will find them otherwise.

Persons having doubts will please address the parties.

3m12 R. MOODY, Agent for Belfast.

ABBOTT **Family School!**

THE WINTER TERM OF THE **ABBOTT FAMILY SCHOOL,** at Little Blue, Farmington, Me., will open on Monday the 20th of Nov. Catalogue sent on application to Principal,

6w14 A. J. BLETHEN.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT,

INSIDE LINE TO

Mt. Desert & Machias.

TWO TRIPS PER WEEK.

STEAMER **LEWISTON,** Capt. CHAS. DEERING,

Will leave **Railroad Wharf,** Portland, every Tuesday and Friday Evenings, at 10 o'clock, or on arrival of Express Train from Boston, (commencing 16th inst.,) for Rockland, Castine, Deer Isle, Sedgwick, So. West Harbor, (Mt. Desert,) Millbridge, Jonesport and Machisport.

Returning will leave Machiasport every Monday and Thursday mornings at 5 o'clock, (commencing 15th inst.,) touching at the above named landings.

The Lewiston will touch at Bar Harbor, (Mt. Desert,) each trip from June 30th to September 15th in addition to her usual landing at So. West Harbor.

For further particulars inquire of ROSS & STUDIVANT, 179 Commercial Street, Or CYRUS STUDIVANT, General Agent.

Portland, May, 1871. 1f34

SANFORD'S **Independent Line!** FOR **BOSTON & LOWELL,**

THREE TRIPS PER WEEK.

On and after FRIDAY, April 14, the STEAMER **CAMBRIDGE,** Capt. J. P. JOHNSON, AND STEAMER **KATAHDIN,** Capt. H. S. RICH,

Will leave Belfast for Boston, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, at 2 o'clock, P. M. RETURNING—Will leave Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, at 5 o'clock, P. M.

Fares and Freight Reduced!

GEO. G. WELLS, Agent.

Belfast, April 14, 1871. 1f24

FARES REDUCED!

INSIDE LINE. 3 TRIPS PER WEEK.

STEAMBOAT AND RAILROAD.

1871. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1871.

THE STEAMER **City of Richmond** Capt. DENNISON,

Leaves Bangor every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings at 6 o'clock, touching at all the usual landings on the river and bay, arriving at Portland in season to connect with the 6 o'clock Steamboat Express Train, arriving at Boston at 10 o'clock, same evening.

Returning — Will leave RAILROAD WHARF, Portland, same evenings, at 10 o'clock, or on the arrival of Steamboat Express Train from Boston, touching at above, arriving at Bangor at about 10 o'clock next morning.

Connections can be made in Portland with all Railroad and Steamboat Lines,

Going East, sure connections can be made at Belfast with the Belfast & Moosehead R. R., and European & North American Railway at Bangor.

FREIGHT TAKEN AT REDUCED RATES.

FARE, Belfast to Portland $2.00. To Boston by Railroad $3.50. By Steamer from Portland, $2.75.

Meals Served on the European Plan.

ROSS & STUDIVANT, Agents, 179 Commercial Street, Portland.

June 1, 1871. 37

WILSON **NEW UNDERFEED SHUTTLE Sewing Machines.** PRICE,

FORTY-FIVE DOLLARS.

SIMPLE, DURABLE AND RELIABLE

More Important and Essential Elements. Embodied in this Celebrated Machine than any other in the World. Does every Variety of Work, its Mechanism is Unexcelled. Certificate of Warranty for Five Years furnished by the Manufacturers with each Machine, secured by a Half Million Dollars.

Inducements offered worthy the careful consideration of capitalists.

Send for circulars and sample sewing.

AGENTS WANTED in unoccupied territory.

R. J. BELLAMY & CO., Gen. Agt's, **622 Washington St., Boston.** 3m11

CAUTION

To Females in Delicate Health.

DR. DOW, Physician and Surgeon, No. 7 Endicott street, Boston, is consulted daily for all diseases incident to the female system. Prolapus Uteri or Falling of the Womb, Fluer Albus, Suppression, and other Menstrual Derangements, are all treated on new pathological principles, and speedy relief guaranteed in a few days. So invariably certain is the new mode of treatment, that most obstinate complaints yield under it, and the afflicted person soon rejoices in perfect health.

Dr. Dow has no doubt had greater experience in the cure of diseases of women than any other physician in Boston.

Boarding accommodations for patients who may wish to stay in Boston a few days under his treatment.

Dr. Dow, since 1845, having confined his whole attention to an office practice for the cure of Private Diseases and Female Complaints, acknowledges no superior in the United States.

N. B. All letters must contain one dollar, or they will not be answered.

Office hours from 8 A. M. to 9 P. M.

Boston, July 25, 1871. 1yr3

Maine Central R. R.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS. 1871.

On and after JUNE 5th, next, passenger trains will leave Belfast for Boston and Portland, at 8.30 A. M.—at 7 P. M., connecting at Burnham with night Express with **Pullman Sleeping Car** attached, for Portland and Boston.

Freight Train leaves at 6 A. M., connecting at Burnham at 8.30 A. M., with mixed train for Bangor and Dexter.

Trains are due at Belfast—At 7.10 A. M. Night Express from Boston, (this train will arrive every morning except Mondays). At 6.45 P. M. Mail Train from Portland and Boston. Freight Train, at 5 P. M.

Through Tickets will be sold to Boston and baggage checked through, and to all Stations on any of the lines managed by this company.

EDWIN NOYES, Sup't.
L. L. LINCOLN, Ass't Sup't.

May 27, 1871. 1f47

MASON'S **German Liniment!**

THE GREATEST INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL Remedy ever used for the Cure of Cold, Cough, Toothache, Headache, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Contracted Cords, Muscles and Tendons, Sprains, Frost Bites and Chilblains, Cuts, Bruises, Burns and Scalds, Pleurisy, Pains in the Side, Breast or Back, Cholera and Cholera Morbus, Cramp or Colic Pains, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, also inflammation of the Kidneys, Liver Complaints and Palpitation of the Heart, Impurities of the Blood and Ringworm, Bites of Insects, Reptiles or Dogs.

The above medicine is compounded on the most scientific principles, combining powerful remedies found in no other Liniment. For Internal and External diseases, none ever equalled it. It at once stops all pain, producing a healthful tone to the whole system. It penetrates rapidly, acts directly on the absorbents, equalizes the circulation and corrects any and all derangements of the nervo-vital fluids.

The above medicine has been put to the severest test ever met with, and has proved to be more than represented. It is recommended by all who use it.

Prepared only by C. A. MASON, No. 22 Church St., Belfast, Me., to whom all orders should be addressed and will receive prompt attention. 4tf

DOLLAR REWARD SOAP

Washes without rubbing; Removes Pitch, Tar, Paint, Grease, Sweat and Leather Stains, &c.; Washes with Hot or Cold, Hard, Soft, or Salt Water; Saves Labor, Time, Fuel, Clothes, and Money. Clothes washed with it wear twice as long as if washed with common soap. One pound of it will wash from ten to fifteen dozen pieces of ordinary family washing. It washes the finest lace without injury, and renders all articles as clear and bright as new.

THE DOLLAR REWARD SOAP!

Try it in the Bathroom; it leaves the skin cool, smooth and soft. Use it to cleanse your Marble Ornaments, Mantles, Door-steps, &c., and Brick Walks and Alleys. Use it with scouring-brick in cleansing iron or steel; it saves half the labor, and gives a better appearance. It makes Tin Ware shine like new, and has no equal in cleansing glass or china. Dissolved in boiling water, it makes the best and cheapest Soft Soap in the world.

CHARLES E. MOODY & CO., Boston.

SOLE AGENTS FOR NEW ENGLAND.

For Sale by all Grocers. 3m11

500 WILL BE FORFEITED BY DR. L. DIX if failing to cure in less time! an any other physician, more effectually and per- exposure to all weather, with safe and pleasant medicines,

SELF-ABUSE AND SOLITARY HABITS,
Their effects and consequences;
SPECIAL AILMENTS AND SITUATIONS,
Incident to Married and Single Ladies.
SECRET AND DELICATE DISORDERS;

Mercurial Affections; Eruptions and all diseases of the Skin; Ulcers of the Nose, Throat and Body; Pimples on the Face; Swelling of the Joints; Nervousness; Constitutional and other Weaknesses in youth and the more advanced, at all ages, of BOTH SEXES, SINGLE OR MARRIED.

DR. L. DIX'S PRIVATE MEDICAL OFFICE, **21 Endicott Street, Boston, Mass.**

is so arranged that patients never see or hear each other. Recollect, the *only* entrance to his office is **No. 21**, having no connection with his residence, consequently no family interruption, so that on no account can any person hesitate applying at his office.

DR. DIX

boldly asserts, (and it cannot be contradicted, except by quacks, who will say or do anything, even perjure themselves, to impose upon patients,) that he IS THE ONLY REGULAR GRADUATE PHYSICIAN ADVERTISING IN BOSTON.

TWENTY YEARS

engaged in treatment of Special Diseases, a fact so we are known to many Citizens, Publishers, Merchants, Hotel Proprietors, &c., that he is much recommended, and particularly to

STRANGERS AND TRAVELLERS.

To avoid and escape imposition of foreign and native quacks, *more numerous* in Boston than in other large cities,

DR. DIX

proudly refers to Professors and respectable Physicians—many of whom consult him in critical cases, because of his acknowledged skill and reputation, attained through so long experience, practice, and observation.

AFFLICTED AND UNFORTUNATE,

who know but little of the nature and character of Special Diseases, and less to their cure. Some exhibit forged Diplomas of Institutions or Colleges, which never existed in any part of the world; others exhibit Diplomas of the Dead, how obtained, unknown; not only assuming and advertising in names of those inserted in the diplomas, but to further their imposition assume name of the celebrated physicians long since dead. Neither be deceived by

QUACK NOSTRUM-MAKERS,

through false certificates and references, and recommendations of their medicines by the dead, who cannot expose or contradict them; or who, besides, to further their impositions, copy from medical books, much that is written of the qualities and effects of different herbs and plants, and assert all the same to their Pills, Extracts, Specifics, &c., most of which, if not all, contain Mercury, because of the ancient belief of its "curing everything," but now known to "kill more than is cured," and those not killed, constitutionally injured for life.

IGNORANCE OF QUACK DOCTORS AND NOSTRUM-MAKERS.

Through the ignorance of the Quack Doctor, knowing no other remedy, he relies upon MERCURY, and gives it to all his patients, in Pills, Drops, &c., so the Nostrum-maker, equally ignorant, adds to his so-called Extracts, Specifics, Antidote, &c., both relying upon its effects in curing a few in a hundred, it is trumpeted in various ways throughout the land; but, alas! nothing is said of the balance, some of whom die, others grow worse and are left to linger and suffer for months or years, until relieved or cured, if possible, by competent physicians.

BUT ALL QUACKS ARE NOT IGNORANT.

Notwithstanding the foregoing facts are known to some quack doctors and nostrum-makers, yet, regardless of the life and health of others, there are those among them who even perjure themselves, contradicting giving mercury to their patients, or that it is contained in their n